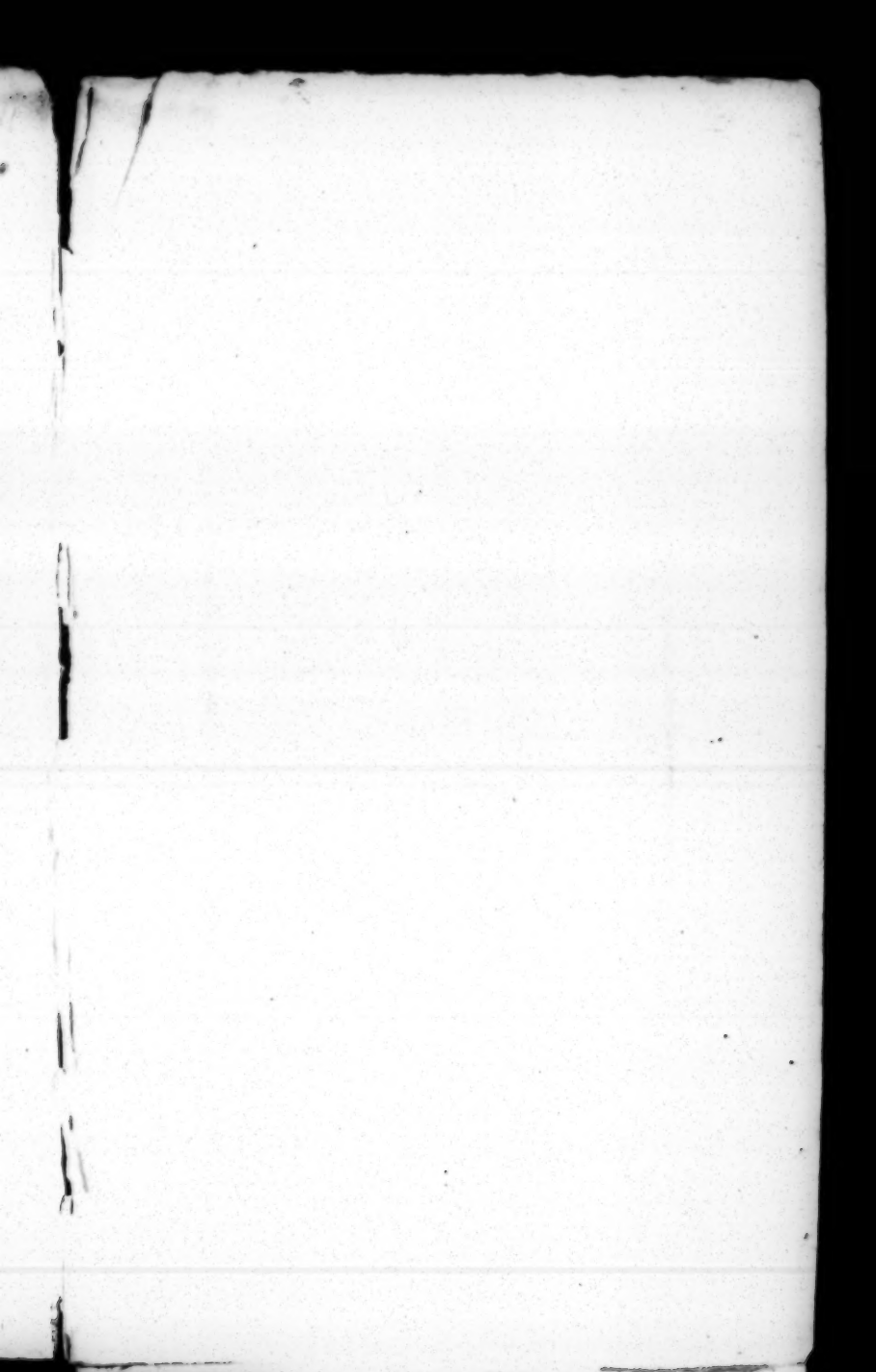




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CYNHTIA a Novel



CYNTHIA;
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Tragical ACCOUNT
OF THE
Unfortunate LOVES
OF
ALMERIN and DESDEMONA:
Being a
NOVEL.

ILLUSTRATED
With Variety of the Chances of For-
TUNE; Moraliz'd with many useful Observa-
tions, drawn from thence, whereby the Res-
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TO THE
READER:

Courteous Reader,

IF Study be the Soul of Understanding, would you not be Studious? Since Knowledge only is the School-mistress of Sublime and Illustrious Spirits, and makes them transcend the Vulgar as far as the Sun excels the Moon in Brightness; (for what difference is between a Man presuming to be Man, not being learned and a Beast) what certain Joy, true Honour or great Profit, can a Man challenge unto himself, and not look for sudden Vicissitudes to alter them into a worse State than they were before, thro' the inconstancy of our Human Condition? Where then shall we seek for these great and rare Properties; to find that which of it self will be unto us both Profitable and Pleasant altogether, and that not for a Moment, but for ever? Truly in Knowledge, which *First* is able to mollifie Man's Nature, being before Savage and Wild, and to make it capable of Reason. *Secondly*, Frameth and Setteth his Judgment, that he may not pass

To the READER.

the Course of his Life in all Tranquillity of Mind to the Profit of many. *Lastly*, *Anacharsis* ses him to die in Honour, with certain Life and Happiness. Contrariwise, saith the Philosopher, Idleness is a Thing like a cankering Rustiness to the Body, and to the Soul; and as an eating Consumption, it wasteth and bringeth to naught both Virtue and Strength; it is the Grave of Living Men; it is a Thing wherein Life dieth, and thereby the Soul of Man is Twice buried in him, once in his Body, and next in his Sloth.

I examined and discerned the Difference to be wait betwixt Vice and Virtue, between Learning and Ignorance, between Sloth and Activeness, between a wise Man and a Fool; and then I approved of that wise Saying of the *Aristippus*, Famous *Aristippus*, (*Better it is to a Beggar than a Rich Man without Learning*) I considered the whole Life of man, that he continues but a small Time here, and the Moiety of this Moment he lets pass in foolish sleep, which is Death's Cousin German, so that he dies living; and when Death takes him hence his Memory dies with him, and goes into Oblivion. I contemplated the Misery of worldly Men, that like Ants, toil and labour for wealth and in the midst of their Hopes to go down to the Grave; and go to give an Account for the gathering and using the same, and that perhaps to their perpetual Damnation; whilst in the mean time, other Companions in the World do live merry and pleasant upon that he hath gotten, little remembering or less caring from him that perhaps lies burning in unquenchable Fire for those Riches unrighteously heaped, and less unto them. Nor

To the READER.

was the lascivious Man forgotten to my Memory who leaves no Stratagem unattempted, no crafty Design unacted nor no Wickedness, let it be never so horrid, undone to accomplish his Lust, which, alas, vanishes in a Moment, and leaves an After Repentance.

This caused *Antisthenes*, being asked of a Man what was best to learn, he returned him this Answer, *To unlearn the Evil thou hast learned*; that is, to return back from the Highway to Hell to the School of Virtue; that Man travels a long Way from home that never looks back; and he is in a lost Condition that never thinks of amending,

These Considerations agreeing with my vacant Hours gave being to this succeeding History; in the Study of which I found the Treasures of a Soul endow'd with Reason, which is a Happiness wherein all Human Felicity consisteth, and which never breeds Vexation of Spirit. What shall I say? In the Continuance of which I found a pleasing Solitary Companion for the tedious Winter Night? Was I in Love, here I found Mistress to Court, with a clearer Satisfaction and Delight than those Passions that vanish in the Fruition. Was I in Adversity, here I found a Comforter. Was I in Prosperity, the Knowledge of what I was, made my Joys solid, and so kept me from being Arogant. Was I Fortunate then I considered the Vicissitudes of Fortune, And when I seem'd overwhelm'd in the Gulph of Despair, I could ride securely by the Anchor of Hope, and expect a Clam. Thus from the Offspring of my idle Hours I purchas'd to my self both Pleasure and profit, and that not for a Moment, but to Perpetuity. I speak not this in Ostentation, that exceeds the Meanest, but

To the R E A D E R.

the happy Change the Imitation of Virtue has produced ; of which I hope the Reader will participate with me.

The Discourse is Love, a Passion of all other most lovely and agreeable to the Fancy ; so inviting, and sweetly Charming, that Reason it self cannot stand in Competition against it ; yet so necessary that a Wise Man once said, *To see Love banished our Streets, is as to see the Horizon without a Sun, or the Year without a Spring.* This Labyrinth, wherein Wise Men lose themselves, and Fools recover their Wits ; where Wisdom runs a Wool gathering, and Passion guides the Helm, I present unto you as a mirrour that will demonstrate the Difference between Love and Lust ; wherein Virtue is illustrated in the Person of *Cynthia* and *Orsamus*, and Vice signed to the Life in the Person of *Almerin*, or [still worse and worse] this is a more full Story, where the Walks are the gloomy Shades of Death, the Discourse is dismal. the Narration lamentable, the Adventures Tragical and the Examples Woeful. Wherein are presented the Snares of Love, the Credulity of Innocency, the Heart of Affection, the Fire of Lust, the Fruits of Rashness, and the Reward of Perjury ; and nay this you shall hear related for Profit as well as Pleasure, that by others Harm we may learn to avoid our own, wisely to shelter ourselves from the threatening Storms, and to grow cautious to shun those Rocks where others have suffered Shipwreck. Let Beauteous Maidens here learn to prize their Honour, and set a high Esteem on their Chastity, by the woeful Example of Fair *Desdemona* ; and let all Fathers avoid Anger & Passion by the Example of *Artimodorus*, who occasioned by his Folly the Sanguine Part of this mournful Story.

To the READER.

Story. Let all Virgins beware how to bestow their Love by the Example of Poor *Artemisia*; & let all Parents here behold the Miseries of enforced Marriage in the Example of *Almerin*. The whole History being a sweet Summary of bitter Calamities proceeding only from the same Cause. Thus we may read with Delight the Disasters of others, making their Misfortunes our Advantage, for there is a kind of Volupruousness in the Rehearsal of past Miseries, a Pleasure even in Misery itself, Experience doth daily teach us. When we consider how the Sea of our Misfortunes doth ebb and flow with the various Shape of Hope and Despair; how impetuous the Storms, and how wonderfu are the Vicissitudes and Changes of this, Nature from thence proceeding. Thus from this Relation may be suck'd some honey as well as Poyson, For if from the greatest Venome may be extracted an Antidore to expel the Operation and Force of the strongest Poyson, then from this Bulk of Misfortunes, judiciously and seriously considered, the ingenious Reader may gather good, and no harm, by the Reading this lamentable Story.

Tully tells us, that in Time of Old, People were dull and barbarous, rude and forward, unsensible and incapable of any serious Study: To this End and Purpose many of our Ancients have written curious Stories, many of which are extant, to reclaim the Mind of the Multitude, which are apt and prone en ough to hear Folly: Witness *Dio-genes* the *Cynick*, who when he had any grave Matters to relate, he would call the People to hear him, which when they regarded not, he would sing merrily, to which when many resort-

To the READER.

ed, he would say, To hear Foolishness ye run apace, but to hear any Weighty Matter ye scarce put forth your Foot. From this Cause only Fables and Romances took their first Original: Wise Men endeavouring to make the Vulgar grow Wise by their own Folly, drawing them with that Bait they most dearly affected, for what is a Fable but a silent Representation of a more weighty Matter: And what is History but a lively Essence, describing the pleasing Transports of the Soul? By this Craft they make Vice to assist Virtue, and *Satan* to be foiled in his own Weapons. Thus by presenting the shadow, they cause them to embrace the substance, so have I seen a careful Mother first nurse her Child with a Tear, then with a Spoon, and after with stronger Meat: Did not the best of Men speak in Parables? and what is a Parable but a Thing sympathising and agreeing with a matter of greater Value, helping to explain it more lively to the Capacity of the Auditors, to whom it is related. Indeed, what are the Heavens and the Earth drawn and presented unto the Eye by Art, a secret History of Similitude, declaring the Majesty and Power of our Great Creator? Like as when we see a small Beam of the Sun, we apprehend in Reason it has its Original from a greater; such indeed has been, and should be still, the Intention of all those that write Parables, Fables, or R mantick History, to season them with Morals and Observations, so applying them to a Verruous End, that as little Rivulers they may waite the Reader e'er he be aware unto the River of Virtue, and Ocean of all Felicity.

To the READER.

Such I did intend this succeeding History, in which there is no Eminent Example but is illustrated and stored with fruitful Observation, for the Profits and Behoof of the Reader, striking the Iron whilst it is hot, so making use of the Advantage whilst the Examples is fresh in Memory: For I believe nothing can demonstrate or present any Thing so lively as when we have the speaking Example evident before our Eyes. Here is History curiously woven and intermixed with things Moral and Divine, the Pleasure and the Profit is bound up in one entire Nofegay, and it seems impossible to sever the one without the Ruin of the other; so have I seen a careful Physician mix the bitter Potion with Honey, for the better Digestion of his Patient. *Zeno* being demanded how a Man might become happy, answer'd If he drew near unto, and haunted *Zeno* the Dead; meaning thereby, if he read Histories, and endeavoured to learn their good Instructions; and here thou hast no small Variety of Presidents of modern Authours gathered by my Industry, and replanted as I found Opportunity to place them.

The Total Sum or Moral of the whole History is soon cast up, by examining it with that Saying of the Wise Man. *That a just Man fall seven times and Prov. 24. 16. riseth again but the Wicked falls into Mischiefe:* That is the Upright Man is subject to many Dangers but God delivereth him out of his Distress, making is very Misfortunes an Addition to his Joys. Oh, what Heavenly Comfort (say, and Ancient Father) do they inwardly feel, who are delighted with the Remembrance of Suffering, past, with the Fruition of Joy,

To the READER.

Joys present, and with the Expectation of Felicities to come! This Happiness is represented in the History of *Cynthia* and *Orsamus*, Wicked

Men are figured in the Person of *Almerin* for Evil Men and Deceivers shall wax worse and

2 Timothy 3. Verse 13. worse, their Portion shall be

Jobs 24. 18. cursed in the Earth; and as a

Psalms 73. Verse 18, 19. Fall on a Pavement is very sudden,

so shall the Fall of the Wicked

come hastily; because God strikes not presently,

the Wicked are set to do Evil, but although

Heaven be slow in Punishment, yet when they

strike they strike sure, for God spares the Wicked

not in Mercy, but in Justice. Oh how suddenly

do they consume, perish, and come to a fearful

End? Yea, even like a Dream when one awaketh,

so shall their Memory vanish. Compare

Times past with your daily Experience, & prove

them both by this History, and you will find it

no new Thing, that the Vertuous Man is made

Shot-free from the strongest Batteries of Fortune

by the Assistance he receives from above, while the

Vicious Persons fall from bad to worse; Heaven

above; pursues him as an Enemy, and Hell below

is ready to receive him, so that he is miserable

here, and wretched to Eternity in the World to

come. Examine the whole History by this

Touchstone, & you cannot miscarry; let this Moral

be the North pole you will sail by and you

cannot receive a Wreck; season it with such Salt,

and you may read and not receive a Surfeit; for

History thus us'd is Water turned into Wine. If

these Considerations on the Lives of Just & Wicked

Men, do but perswade and oblige thee to examine

thy own, I have the fruition of my Wishes,

and Recompence of my Time.

Cynthia

To the READER.

Cynthia, (the Title of the Book) a Name of *Diana*, or the Moon taken from *Cynthus*, a Hill in *Delos*, where fancies of Poets say she was born, a Planet, as Mathematicks affirm, that takes her Circuit in the lowest Orb; that receives what Light she enjoys from a greater; that in her greatest Splendor is not without Spots. This may serve for a silent Emblem to excuse the Errata of the whole History, which in the Eyes of many may seem fair; but when an Artist comes to survey it, it will not be found without faults, (since Nature perfected it, and not Art) many faults are in the Orthography, many Errors o'erpass'd in the Ingrossing; therefore I excuse myself to save the curious Critick a Labour, who finds faults in others, yet amends not his own: Yet to the judicious and partial Man I submit myself, who knows how to scan and pass by Infant faults. What I have writ was for my own Diversion, not Timorous, for to write to fear, is to be sick only to be well again, and that I never had Intention to be.

It is history'd of *Alexander the Great*, when he laid Siege to any Great City, he set up a Light in the midst of *Alexander* his Army, to signify unto the Besieged if they submitted themselves before that Light was burnt out they should receive Mercy; but that being once out there was nothing to be expected but fire and Sword. This may be alluded to the Day-light of this Life, which God hath given us to repent in, the Date of which being once at an End, and Death taking hold upon us, there is nothing to be expected but a certain looking for of Judgment.

And

To the READER.

And so, to the Almighty I leave thee, to thy Guardian Angel I commit thee, wishing you may be happy in all things but Unhappiness, that you may be Poor in the World, but Rich in Heaven; that you may not live long, but well; so guiding our Lives here that we may never be afraid of Death, but embrace him as being one that transports us from this Vale of Woe, to the Heaven of Eternal Bliss. unto which happy place bring us all, Lord Jesus. *Amen.*



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CYNTHIA.

FROM forth a Desert and unfrequented Wood in the East Parts of *Albion*, abutting to the Sea, issued out a Woman, and seated herself upon a Carpet of Sweet Flowers, embroidered by the Hand of Nature: She resembled *Diana*, the Beautiful Huntress of the Woods; or more Fair, if possible: One would have taken her for a Celestial Deity if the succeeding Vicissitudes of Fortune had not strongly perswaded she was a mortal Beauty. Indeed the Purity of her Complexion seemed to excell the new-fallen Snow, but Sorrow had gathered the Carnation off her Cheeks. All the Features of her Face had so near a Kindred, and formed to so rare a Proportion, that she seemed Nature's Master-piece; or rather sympathized something of that Divinity whose Name she bore. From her Eyes darted a Lustre, mingled with a Vivacity so penetrating, that it was impossible for the most confident Soul to make a Resistance. This prodigious Creature, after she had searched every vacant Place with her Eye, fearing to be over heard, with a trouble and a low Voice she began as followeth.

' O my dear, though Absent, *Orsamus*! To
 ' whose Merits I never yet gave any Reward;
 ' whose Complaints I could never be induced
 ' to Pity! When *Neptune* Shipwreck'd thee up-
 ' on the Shore, I little thought thy Presence
 ' would beget me such Disquiet; O Duty! O
 ' Love! To what extreams do you hurry me?
 ' And what Enemies are you to my Rest? The
 ' Birds that live in these unfrequented Woods,
 ' are happier than I: for they may chuse their
 ' Mates, and carol their sweet Pleasures to the
 ' Springs; but by the cruel Commands of a
 ' father I am forced to neglect the Person I
 ' love and dissettem the Services of one with
 ' Disdain, whose Welfare I prize above my
 ' Life; who once I st, I would not bid a Wel-
 ' come to the dearest Good the World can af-
 ' ford me. But alas! The Time draws near that
 ' will make a perpetual Divorce. Unfortunate
 ' *Orsamus* by thy Absence; miserable *Cynthia*,
 ' by thy folly.

Scarce had these Words took a farewell from
 her Mouth, when from an adjacent Part of
 the Wood issued out a Man, richly apparalled,
 and bent his Steps directly to the Place where
 she sat. Her Eyes had no sooner found him
 out, but with excess of Grief she uttered these
 Complaints, ' O cruel Heavens! Do you take
 ' a Pleasure in tormenting submitting Innocence,
 ' that you conduct this Monster, the Enemy of
 ' my Content, and fatal Disturber of my Quiet,
 ' so fortunately to the Place of my Concealment?
 ' Now farewell my poor *Orsamus*; I shall only
 ' stay here amongst the Living to consecrate the
 ' Relicks of a languishing Life to thy Dear
 ' Memory.

By

By this time the unknown Person came up; and seating himself by her Side, he accosted her with this Discourse: 'Madam, *said he*, your Father expects you with Ardency, and is in fearful Apprehensions of the certainty of your Safety. Why, Madam, *continued he*, at such a time as this do you seek out Solitude, and so carefully shun the Person that adores you? Why these Clouds, my dear Princess, on a Joyful Day: Wherefore these Tears too, too, precious to be thus lavishly cast away? Why are my promising Joys overcast with such fearful Omens, and my sweetest Hopes vanished? Tell me, O tell me! Joy of my Bliss, what may occasion your Disquiet, that with the Peril of my Life I may procure a Remedy.

This Fair Unknown was preparing for a Reply, when they were disturbed with a Noise from the Neighbouring Thicket; and casting their Eyes about to understand the Cause of that Surprizal, when behold there rushed out a Man whose unexpected Appearance was quickly become their Astonishment: His Visage was Pale, and clouded over with Grief, in all the Regards and Lineaments of his Face appeared a natural Fierceness; his whole Composure shewed the Evidence of something so Great and Noble, that spake him to Command others, Born to disesteem the whole World, and think it held none fit to be his Rival.

He set his Face and directed his hasty Steps to the Place where they sate; but his Presence put them both into a Confusion. He no sooner presented himself to their sight, but fixing his Eyes wholly on this Fair Unknown, at the

Load-

Load-stone of his Will, and Centre of al his Happiness, with a Rapture of Joy he suddenly cast himself at her Feet. ' O my Divine Princess, *said he*, Beautiful, Cause of all my Misfortunes, and cruel Original of all my Miseries! How careful has Fortune been to make me happy, when I intended to sacrifice the Fragments of this wretched Life to your Severity? I have yet this Comfort left me in Death, to complain to you of your Injustice.

All this time a wavering Colour often went and came in her Cheeks, that she became stiffened with Astonishment, as if she had been Planet-struck; but at last calling back that Assurance, her sudden Surprizal had sequestered; ' Gods! *Said she*, Is this *Orsamus* himself I see before me? Yes, *reply'd he*, it is *Orsamus*, if you have not cast the Memory of so poor a Wretch into Oblivion. This said, he disembraced himself from her Knees, and with a look full of Terror he drew his Sword to pierce his Breast with that fatal Weapon. But *Cynthia* no sooner saw that glittering Minister of Death unsheathed, but giving a grievous Shriek she fell into a deadly Swoon; when suddenly casting his Eyes about he saw this first Gallant sitting like one Metamorphos'd, or a Statue without Life; and suddenly calling him to Remembrance, ' Oh (*cry'd he*) have I found you, the only Opposer of my Bliss? Can you think to go safely away with that Prize, which is only due to my Services? If you know how to own a Good, maintain the Interest you would challenge in this Divine Creature with your Sword. Saying this, he presented his Sword against his Breast, but he never moved from the Place where

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where he fate, neither did he endeavour to make any Motion of Defence.

In this Interim of Time, his Friends who had been in quest of him in the most secret Parts of the Wood, hearing a Disturbance, came up unto him, and seeing *Cordello* in danger, at that Moment they made in, and rescued him out of his Hands, when no doubt he had acted the last Catastrophe and Scene of his Life. They all assaulted him at once; but he, without spending a Thought upon the Number, rushed upon 'em like Lightning, with a Swiftness, and Looks so terrible and dreadful, that he made the forwardest to repent their Rashness. Six lay slain by his Hand; and they had encompassed him about, so that it seemed impossible he could make any long Resistace against such Numbers as surrounded him.

When, lo Fortune provided a Remedy for this Disaster; yet one that seemed worse than this Disease. Behold from an adjoining Creek of the Sea, shaded by a little Hill, issued out about Sixteen Pyrates, led on by their Captain. They came not to assist either Side, but to make their utmost Advantage of both. No sooner had the Assailants of this Brave Cavalier beheld them coming but they all ran away; only he alone set himself in a Posture of Defence to preserve the Lady: But over-powered by their Numbers, they forc'd him to submit to their Wills; yet not before he had receiv'd Four Desperate Wounds in the Body; in revenge of which he had slain Four of their best Men belonging to their Vessel. They convey'd *Cynthia*, with *Orsamus* on Board the Boat, intending to satisfy the Death of their Companions with
the

the Author that had occasion'd it. They put off from Shore, and began to prepare for his intended Execution; mean while the Fair Cynthia, whose Spirits were newly returned to execute their proper Function, sat almost dissolved in Tears? beholding these Preparations for Orsaxus's Death, fearfully apprehending what she could not as yet know the cause of; going unto him that seemed Commander of the rest, she demanded to what use those Weapons, and Preparations of Death were made? He returned Answer, ' For that Cavalier, that in her Defence had slain Four of the best Men belonging unto his Ship. *Sir, (reply'd Cynthia) that young Man is my Brother; and ye cannot well blame him for what he did in the Defence of a Dear Sister: And sure the Course you would take is indirect, since if you fulfil your Resolutions you can gain nothing by his Death, but by preserving his Life you may receive a great ransom.*

The sweet Thought of Gain, delivered from so lovely a Creature, set both his Love and Covetousness on the Rack. In fine, the Hope of Gain turned the Current of their Revenge, in Execution of which their Choler abated, and they rested satisfied. But it was not so with their Commander. for the Eyes of his Fair Prisoner had opened themselves a Passage, and darded their resplendant Rays into the Soul of this fierce Pyrate. He found such Charms as it seem'd impossible, and meer Folly, to stand in Opposition against them. Here was a Metamorphose wrought by the Force of Love and Beauty, a Barbarian civiliz'd to a milder Temper: For accosting his fair Prey he composed all that was Fierce and rude in his Look

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to Respect and Duty. *Madam* (reply'd he) 'Tis enough that you desire your Brother should live: Rest satisfied, he shall live only for your Sake; not so much for our Interest as for your Content: For we could well have dispenc'd with our Gain to give our Revenge Precedence: But your Desires have put a Period to our Resentment. Thus you reign Triumphant whilst you esteem yourself a Captive. O *Madam*, continued he, cease those Showers; clear up those bright Stars: Have you any Desires? Give 'em a Name, for I find it irresistible to give you a Denial. Retire to yonder Cabin, which shall be wholly at your Disposal. Your Menial Servants shall not be more Officious, than these my Men that seem so Barbarous shall be dutiful at your Commands. For myself I'll pay my Respects as much chaste a Zeal as we pay our Devotion to the offended Deities, at such a time only when my Visits will not incommode you: For I am not so much a Pyrate but I know what Civilities ought to be paid to Ladies of your Quality; which, as you me to me, is not mean. Rest firm in the Assurance of my Promise, whilst I take care for the speedy Dressing of your Brothers's Wounds, and for his Accommodation in the Ship. Saying this e left her with a profound Respect.

Orsamus, who was an Auditor and Spectator of the Discourse that pass'd betwixt the Pyrate and *Cynthia*, was transported with Raviishment when he understood that she was his Preserver. 'Nay, said he, since my Life is not indifferent to my Fair Divinity, I'll live to free her from this Captivity, or perish in the Attempt: Since she seems to have an Esteem for my Life, I'll endeavour to preserve it, for I cannot but prize what she esteems. These

These Words over bold, and dangerous to his Life, were over-heard by those that guarded him; but being sp ken in the *British* Tongue, were not understood. By their Captain's Com and he was carefully conducted into the Hold, where he had a Lodging assign'd him, and Surgeons sent him that searched his Wounds, which they found dangerous, but not Mortals: They carefully dres'd them, and left him unto his Rest.

This rude Rabble, that violate all Laws, both Divine and Humane; yet obey'd their Superior with a Dutious Respect: His Commands were a Law not to be examined, or disputed by them, whether just or unjust; but fulfilled with all Obedience, and submitting unto without Repugnancy. So that it became a Law amongst them (*He himself spake it*) so there remained nothing behind but to put it in speedy Execution.

While Things were thus stated, they would have tack'd about again for the Shore, to have received their expected Reason for *Orsamus*; but their arose a cruel Tempest, which convey'd them many Leagues from thence into the main Ocean. The Pyrate also doubting that there might be some Vessels set in pursuit of him, drew a small Compass forth his Pocket, and according to the Directions of that Compass commanded his Men to steer a contrary Course. The Captain not so sorry for disappointing his Men of their Hopes, because he had an Opportunity to oblige *Cynthia* with the Strayance of her supposed Brother; as also to Beecht himself in making him the Solicitor of his Love.

Three Days had pass'd since this last Disaster befel *Cynthia*; mean time *Orsamus* was carefully dress'd, and officiously attended, and *Cynthia* served with much Caution, the Pyrate never visiting her without Permission. On the Fourth Day he invited her to take a Walk upon the Deck. It was about the Time that *Sol* left watery *Neptune's* Bed, and newly darted his Rays upon the Face of the Water.

Cynthia accorded with his Desire; and kindly presenting him her Hand, they went both forth the Cabin. But Oh, what a Mine of Beauties did the Tell tale LIGHT Present, which Grief, and that dismal Place had detain'd from his Eyes; for the Pain and Fear she suffered for *Orsamus*, by the Assurance of his Safety, was partly vanish'd away; so that the Beauty they had put to flight was almost returned back again to its usual Lustre, which this Pyrate took some Time to contemplate and admire. The increase of her Beauty augmented his Passion; and those Sparks of Love and Pity that lay hid before, began to blaze into a Flame, as by the Sequel will appear: For after she had sweetly complain'd unto him of the detaining of her Freedom, and that according to his Promise, he had not put her Brother to his Ransom, taking a Hint from these Words he began as followeth.

' Madam (*said he*) would I set your Freedom to sale, a Kingdom were too little to pay the Ransom. If your Brother's Liberty has been deserv'd, perhaps your Interest was the chief Occasion, when in some sort to oblige you I have neglected so great a Gain. For should I accord with you in this one Thing, touching

' touching your Freedom, possibly I should di-
 ' vorce my Eyes from the dearest Object for
 ' ever. Madam, I love you, because 'tis impos-
 ' sible to see you and be insensible. I have a
 ' Passion for you that nothing can extinguish
 ' but Death; but 'tis legitimate, and may be
 ' own'd by you without a Scruple, were your
 ' Condition equal to the Degrees of a Princess.
 ' My Birth is not ignoble, altho' the Disasters of
 ' my Life have been uncommon; nor because
 ' I seem rustick, is my Condition so mean,
 ' since the King of *Norway* a few Days since
 ' proffered me his Niece to Wife, which upon
 ' my Return to *Norway*, I did intend to ac-
 ' complish; and had certainly effected it, had
 ' not your prodigious Beauty disappointed my
 ' Designs. And for your Liberty, how can you
 ' account it a Restraint when your Goaler is
 ' become your Slave? Abate but our Separation,
 ' and your Desire cannot name another
 ' Thing should meet my Refusal. If once I be
 ' so happy to attain the Shore of *Norway*, whi-
 ' ther I intend in a few Days to go, I'll spend
 ' the Residue of this wretched Life at your
 ' Feet.' Here he continued silent, leaving
 ' *Cynthia* in amaze at the Discovery of his Passi-
 ' on; yet being obliged to reply, she returned
 ' this Answer. ' Sir, your respective Usage could
 ' not give me more Satisfaction than your un-
 ' pleasant Discourse gives me Discontent, since
 ' you take away the Hopes of my Liberty in
 ' denying my Ransom. Never think by Con-
 ' straint to gain my Affection, nor by detaining
 ' my Liberty to make me be become kind.
 ' Would I accord to your Will, I am at my Bro-
 ' ther's Disposal whom you disable in denying

‘ him his Freedom. But never think by such
 ‘ rude Ways, to force Love for your Hopes will
 ‘ all fail you; for my Soul is free although my
 ‘ Body be your Prisoner; and you shall find I
 ‘ can die when I cannot love. *Saying this, she
 left him and returned to her Cabin.*

Mean while the Pyrate stood like one transformed: Yet not minding to despair of the first Repulse when he had the Person in his Power; so that recollecting his Spirits, he went immediately to give *Orsamus* a Visit, whose Wounds by this time were reasonably well recovered. After Salutations past, he desired him to be his Assistant to his Sister, who protested never to dispose of herself without his Consent; promising him in Recompence to give him his Freedom; or if he would accompany him to *Norway* he should have ample Revenues to subsist during Life. These offers in Civility must be suited with an agreeable Answer, altho’ his Intention s ved far from the Matter. He promised him if he would allow him the Freedom to visit his Sister, he would perform the utmost of his Endeavours to procure his Content; that if his Felicity depended upon his disposal, he would be no Obstruction to defer it, that seeing he had put him to his Choice, he had rather go to *Norway* with his Sister, than to return without her into his own Country. Thus he was forced to delude him with Hopes, so to detain him within the Bounds of Reason.

The Pyrate was satisfied at the Freedom of his Discourse giving the Physicians order, when his Wounds would permit him, to let him free Access to his Sister’s Chamber, and Liberty of Conversation, at such Times as he best pleased.

This past he left him unto his Rest ; but his Transport was too great to let him mind that necessary Minister of his Health : That which *Cynthia* had done for him in preserving his Life, by adopting him with that happy Title of Brother, and lastly, not to dispose of herself without his Consent, was a fit Subject to exercise his Thoughts upon. Now her former Rigours were all vanished to his Memory, and he considered her only as his Benefactor, and Original of his Felicity. Oh ! (*quoth he*) in a Rapture to which this charming Fair One had reduc'd him. ' If so Rich a Mine of Treasure be left to my disposal I shall grow too great a Miser, and become too covetous ever to allow a Partner, or admit a Rival, to my Happiness. O happy *Orsamus* in the midst of my Misfortunes ! O welcome Disasters, that have engag'd my Adoration to so sweet an Object.'

He pass away his Time in such pleasing Transports, ever fancying the Idea of his fairest *Cynthia* before his Eyes, that all other Thoughts were hush'd in his Silence, and his Contentment seem'd perfect in the height of his Satisfaction. Whether his Wounds receiv'd Addition from the Temperature and Quietness of his Mind I cannot tell, but in Two Days time he found himself in a Capacity to visit his dearest Physician ; which being made known unto the Pirate, the more to oblige *Cynthia*, he intended to present him unto herself.

'Twas about the time that *Phoebus* had clim'd into his Midday height, and began to drive his Chariot to the Western Seas, when *Orsamus* accompanied him to *Cynthia's* Cabbin. They found her sitting in the most dismal Part of the Room,

Room, very disconsolate accompanied only with a Mournful Silence. At their first Entrance, the Pyrate saluted her in this Manner: *Madam* (said he) since the disconcealing of my Love has begotten your disquiet, I have courted all Opportunities to dissipate your Resentments: Yet I fear you will not welcome the Happiness, because I bring it, This said, with great Respect he departed out of the Cabbin.

Scarce had he given an Exit by his Absence, shutting the Door after him, but *Orsamus* in a Transport cast himself at her Feet so hastily as she had neither Time nor Power to prevent him. But she unwilling to let him remain in that Condition presented him her Hand, *Rise Orsamus* (said she) this prostrate Action can scarce obtain its Pardon: Your Presence at this Time is not unwelcome, since it has quitted me of some Fears that prepossess'd me in your Absence concerning your Welfare, and the Wounds you receiv'd in my Defence.

Them Wounds (replied *Orsamus*) have been less cruel than those I received from your Fair Eyes; they would admit of a Cure, but these daily augment without hope of Remedy. Oh! my dearest Princess! I die daily, and every Moment begets a new Death: If your Anger has prepared me a Condemnation, I will receive the fatal Doom from your Mouth with a perfect and entire Obedience. Believe it *Orsamus replied she*) you would not obtain that so easily as your Imagination flatters you; neither perhaps has my Severity proceeded from the same Cause as your Opinion has taken it. No, no I have not been insensible of your Love, nor regardless of your Merits, but have priz-

zed them both at their true Value in my Breast.

Orsamus bowing his Head at this Discourse with a profound Respect; *Then, Madam*, (reply'd he.) I am not utterly lost, as my Fear constructed it; for if my Princess vote me happy I'll bid Defiance to Fortune's Malice; since she cannot in all her Stock of Misfortunes find one Obstruction to make me Miserable. But, Madam, what shall this happy Wretch do, whose Life you have preserv'd with such Excess of Generosity? What Price shall he pay for the least of those Divine Bounties: By a Fidelity (reply'd Cynthia which I value above my Father's Crown; and by which till Death you may preserve that Affection, whereon you establish your Happiness. If that be the means (reply'd *Orsamus*) I will be happy to my Tomb, and all the Human Considerations shall not make me waver one Moment in my inviolable Loyalty; Honour, or what else we esteem most dear or precious shall all submit, as Trophies to my Love: Neither would I welcome a Happiness that comes not from you, or for you. But, Madam (continu'd he after a small Pause) if I may have Licence to ask it, how shall we dispose of our Affairs in this Condition, where into Fortune hath blindly brought us? The happy Title of Brother you have conferr'd on me hath preserv'd my Life, and by your Bounty I begin to prize it at its true Value, so that I can dare the worst Effects of Fate. But for you, my dear Princess, that you should be brought to such Extremes is that which gauls my Heart with unexpressible Grief. My Misfortunes are become my chief Felicity, but I am too miserable in

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in yours: You have rais'd me to the height of human Happiness, then Gratitude calls that I should purchase your content. Fortune spite of herself, shall shortly give you ease, or put a Period to the Cause; since to expect her to be kind is to involve ourselves in greater Dangers. Desperate Wounds must have desperate Cures: Extreame must be thus served. When Bliss and Happiness be in danger of a Wrack, boldly to dare it bravely to preserve it, Thou wretched Rival, Obstructor of my Bliss. (*continued he with a Tone somewhat elevated*) I'll give an Exit to thy Love and Life; tho' guarded with a Thousand Swords nothing shall secure thee from my Arms: If I fail in the Attempt I shall part with that Satisfaction, I did endeavour your Quiet, though I could not effect it.

O Sir! (*quoth Cynthia, with a timorous Agitation of Spirit*) Do not with such a rash Resolution cast away your Life, but consider that Stroke that ends your Days gives a Period to mine. Oh, think in the Custody of what Villains I shall be left, acquainted with nothing but what is ill! Then Death may flye me; and that may be forc'd from me I esteem far above my Life. I shall have none then to participate in my Sorrows, or Revenge my Quarrels, when you are gone. Death, when all Hope is past, will not fail to relieve us: Why should we tempt our Ruin? Fortune is full of Vicissitudes; and being unkind so long a time, must at last be just: That Valour is unconquerable to which Discretion is join'd, when Wisdom directs it for the most Advantage. The Caution will be pardonable, when you remember I interceed for Cynthia's Safety in the Welfare of Orsamus. As

yet Respect seems to have the upper Hand in his Thoughts, let us not abuse it to our own Destruction : In the mean time seek to attempt nothing but upon good mature Consideration in each others Life. We may continue safe, and be good Companions in Adversity ; let your Carriage be circumspect, that we may not suspect you for other than what you seem ; so you may remain secure, whilst I rest firm guarded with my Innocency. Because he has made you the Agent of his Love, you may feed him with Hope ; for it will be dangerous to let those Advantages he hopes from you. My Carriage unto him shall be followed by your Advice ; and you may tell him what your Wisdom and Reason accords to is convenient ; always reserving my Honour intire. And seeing *Orsamus*, I repose my Honour in your trust, look you do not fail my Confidence. O, Madam ! (*replied Orsamus*) That Life which you set so high a Prize on is not worth the Care you take to preserve it ; but it were no Life were it not wholly at your Devotion ; and being only yours I shall be careful not to cast that Life useless away which is reserved wholly and intire for your Interest. Your Commands shall lead me by the Hand, which I will execute as far as weary Life will go. For your Honour, he that's intrusted with such a Treasure, and Safeguards it not, let him live wretched, and detested die. 'Twere a Sin (*replied Cynthia*) to doubt your Fidelity (*taken more kindness into her Eyes than they express'd before*) and the Continuance may not go unrewarded. 'Tis not he that runs swiftly and then faints, but he that continues to the End of the Race, that wins the Prize.

But

But let us leave this Discourse for time more agreeable, and consider how to treat the Pyrate at his Return, which will not be long. I'll shew myself somewhat kinder that he may conceive you have prevailed something in his Behalf: And this kindness if my Expectations fail me not, shall purchase a Relation of his Life which will for a small time free me from this Importunities, and in some sort dissipate my Misfortunes by the History of his Disasters, since we naturally find a Pleasure in the Rehearsal of past Miseries. His Respect and Behaviour towards us shews him to be more than what he seems; yet this odious Course makes him seem less than what he is. His Life in my Apprehension must be monstrous that walketh in a Way so uncommon.

In such Discourses they pass'd away the small Time of the Pyrate's Absence; but Fortune soon took Care they should not surfeit of their Joys, by hastening his Return to the Cabbin. And having saluted *Cynthia* with much Respect as his Mistress, and caress'd *Orsamus* as her Brother, he seated himself to participate of their Discourse, which he apprehended did tend to his Advantage.

He was opening his Mouth to speak when the Fair Princess prevented him: And taking the Word with an Air repleat, with a Grace and Behaviour only peculiar to herself, she began her Discourse thus. ' Sir, your Kindness us'd to my Brother is no small Obligation that I owe you, nor have you fail'd in your Purpose when you made him your Solicitor; since none can more periwade my Inclination, or more freely dispose of me, than he; yet he, I think

' will not agree to force my Will to what is re-
 ' pugnant. If I must Love, I would have a
 ' Subject worth my Affection. (Such may you
 ' be) if your Life have been regulated and
 ' guided by that Rule formerly as in this time
 ' since we have been your Prisoners. But the
 ' fairest Fruit is not always pleasant to the
 ' Taste; nor will a wise Merchant purchase
 ' Commodities without a Trial. We may paint
 ' the Sun, but not his warm Influence; and the
 ' Fire, but not its Heats. With a small Trouble
 ' you may ease me of this Doubt, in relating
 ' your Extraction and Birth, and the fore-pass
 ' Adventures of your Life.

This bold Language of *Cynthia* put the Pyrate
 to his Dumps, knowing the Relation of his
 Life would diminish the Esteem they had al-
 ready conceived for him: And should he give
 her a Denial he began to fear her first Resolu-
 tion: So that for a small time his Thoughts were
 upon the Rack; and he set possess'd with a
 deep Silence; but at last recollecting himself, he
 made this Reply.

' Madam, cease these horrible Resolutions, for
 ' I find it impossible to disobey you; you shall
 ' be satisfied with a true Narration of the Dis-
 ' asters of a miserable Wretch, injured by For-
 ' tune, and pursu'd by Fate, the Relation of
 ' which will set my Wounds bleeding afresh, yet
 ' Madam, you shall be obeyed. Then prepare
 ' yourselves with Attention to receive the Sa-
 ' tisfaction you desire, whilst I entertain you
 ' with the tragick Story of my Life, which if
 ' it cannot beget Love, it may produce Pity.

When

When *Orsamus* and *Cynthia* had seated themselves with regard in Expectation of his Discourse, after he had satisfy'd himself in some particular Niceties and Scruples of his Discourse, with Sadness in his Looks and Actions he began as followeth.



The Tragical History of Almerin and Desdemona.

IN the *Mediterranean* Sea is situated an Island call'd *Sicillia*, renown'd over the World for the sweet wholesomeness of the Air, and Fertility of the Soil; extol'd highly for Fame by that wonderful Mountain *Ætna*, there fix'd; which being always on the outside cover'd with Snow, yet by a Sulpherous or Brimstone Matter, doth continually burn within. Oftentimes the flame mounting upwards is so strong, it brings up with it burnt and scorching Stones, and Pieces of hard Substances, which seems to be rent out of some Rocks, to the great Terror and Danger of the Beholder. Report has not been idle in proclaiming the known Rarities of this Isle; but above all, that so much fam'd City of *Syracuse*, twenty two Miles in Compass, Wall'd about with three strong Walls, for their strength and Security; watered with many sweet Springs, adorn'd with many brave Gardens, and pleasant Arbors: The noble Buildings added to its Gallantry,

lantry, whose lofty Towers and Turrets seem'd to surport the Skies, retaining a Majesty, and yielding a glorious Shew to the Eyes of the Beholders. It was the Mart Town of the Island, from whence Ships go out, and resort thither, to and from all Parts of the World, which mightily enriches the Inhabitants.

'Twas this City that gave me Being; altho' my Father had his Original out of *Norway*, a Kingdom far hence distant, towards the frozen North Pole; his Inclinations being more to Travel strange Countries, than to live a quiet Life in his own; when the one begets nothing but Effeminate and Sloth, and the other produces Experience and Valour. So that with his Father's Consent, he took his Journey; having well stor'd himself with Jewels and Money, Necessaries very usefull for such a Voyage; in a few Years he rang'd over the greatest Part of *Africa* and *Asia*; where he saw the Famous Cities of *Grand Cairo* in *Egypt*, the City of *Jerusalem* in *Palestina*; where he did behold many rare Monuments, with the lofty Pyramids. Having pass'd thro' many large Dominions, at last he arriv'd at * *Constantinople*, the Imperial City of the * *Byzantium*. *Grecian* Empire. Here he spent some Time; and at last took Shipping there, to visit the Isles of the *Mediterranean* Sea; so that he came at last to the Famous Island of *Sicilia*, where the Pleasantness both invited and incited his longer Stay and Abode.

Where by strange Fortunes and unheard of Chances, he was made known unto King *Soncredus*, who at that Time had his Residence in *Syracuse*, in whose Affection in a small time he gain'd

gain'd so great an Esteem, as he gave him his own Kinswoman in Marriage, enrich'd him with several Lordships, made him one of his Councils, and Governor of the Famous City of *Syracuse*.

I was his only Son, and in this City I received both Life and Education, I liv'd with my Father in Garb befitting a Prince rather than a Governor's Son. All their Hope and Comfort they seem'd to treasure up in me. Thus I continu'd until I arriv'd at the Age of Sixteen Years, and became capable to receive the Impression of Love.

Small time had pass'd away afterwards before Fortune presented me an Object to beget it. For Fate had so decreed, that in a pleasant Garden belonging to the City, garnished with many private Walks, among which I had chosen out one for Privacy, to retire myself from the scorching Heat of the Sun, which began to climb to his Midday heighth. Here it was I went to seek Rest, and found eternal Disquiet. For by the Bank of a little Rivolet, which had a Thoroughfare, and many Turnings in the Garden, sat a most Beautiful Damsel, who had seated herself as it were to observe the decent gliding of the murmuring Stream. The Place where I had retir'd myself was so order'd by Nature, that I could see, yet remain unseen. I neglected no time, but took a serious Observation of this Fair unknown: Her Years might be about Fourteen; her Stature not very Tall, But Comely; her Face the perfect Map of Beauty, where the Lillies and the Roses did seem to surpass in Glory what Dame Nature had ever fram'd, or Art had ever perfected: Her Eyes, like two resplendant Diamonds. Each
Part:

Part was so Amiable and Agreeable, that the most critical and curious Surveyor could not find an Error in her whole Composure, each Part sympathizing in a sweet Harmony; over which Nature had plac'd a Charm, which the most senseless and obdurate Hearts cou'd not resist, but of Necessity must submit.

Thus, Madam, (*said he, turning to Cynthia*) and more Fair you may imagine her to be, or think her like yourself, which seems to be the Master-piece of the Gods. And I vow to you, besides the fairest *Desdemona*, (*for so I learn'd afterwards she was call'd*) I never yet saw any Beauty I might parallel or compare with yours. I beheld her with Amazement, for never before did my Eyes behold any thing so lovely: Yet that Amazement was accompany'd with a transport, which brought forth a delicious Ravishment; and a Rapture of unusual Joys began to devour the Poison I should have expell'd. This fatal Minute was a Prologue to the Catastrophe of my Tragical Misfortunes, I fix'd my Eyes on her Face, with a timorous Disturbance of my Spirits, when raising her Voice, with a bewitching Harmony, and a sweet charming Melody, she chanted this Song.

Oh happy time when Nature only sway'd
And all did live in Innocency free:
When all did seem to rule, yet all obey'd,
And every one enjoy'd his Liberty:
When simple truth was thou't the highest skill
And to deceive a Friend the greatest Ill.

But all things pass as they had never been,
And Nature brings forth Monsters that rebel,
Deceit

Deceit is termed Wit, and not a Sin.

What once did Heaven seem, is now a Hell,
Truth stands neglected, scoff'd at with Disgrace,
And being dis-esteem'd hides her Face.

Beauty is no Divinity I see,

As Falshood would make silly Souls believe,
Truth says it is a Map of Misery,

That will the Owner suddenly deceive,
And when a Goddess seems to us to Day.
Sickness or Death to Morrow sweeps away.

He which admireth Beauty will confess,

That 'tis attended with a fatal Charm,
Which is not waited on with good Success,

'Twill do the Owner that enjoys his Harms,
Riches and Beauty oft are made a Prize,
And robb'd by such as call them Deities.

Thus undiscry'd and unperceived, I was
conquer'd by this unknown Beauty; and at that
fatal Hour without Resistance, I became her
Slave, and with an unwilling Willingness re-
solved to wear her Chains.

Thus I embrac'd a Passion, which since hath
proved fatal to my Quiet, like young Novices
in War, that thro' Rashness became Resolute,
and without Consideration seem'd to out-face the
greatest Dangers, not thinking on the Peril
their Indiscretion may purchase 'em, I embark-
ed thus in strange Seas, without a Pilot; and
began to travel the most unknown Ways with-
out a Guide. Yet Nature was so kind to sug-
gest to me, that in the Affairs of Love it was a
Rule, where first we receive a Wound, there
to endeavour a Remedy. And as Heat extin-
guishes

guishes Heat, and gives present Remedy to the Pain, so a return of Love gives sudden Ease to the Torments, and a perfect Cure to the Malady. Yet how to make my Addresses unto one, that till then I never saw, or talk of Love to her both seem'd gross: The first seem'd too full of Confidence, and the other seem'd to favour much of Impudence.

But here Fortune supplied this Want, and at first seem'd to Court me, but 'twas only to drill me into greater Miseries, for no sooner I saw her arise from the Place where she sat, but I made towards her, from the Place where I lay conceal'd; when behold, this charming Beauty was surpriz'd by an unknown Stranger, who with Expressions of Joy utter'd these Words, *Fortune, I desire thy further Malice, and dare my Fate to make a Second Relapse in my Desires.* So that by Force, in spite of her Resistance, taking her delicate Body rudely in his Arms, he began with a more than ordinary Pace to convey her to a Neighbouring Thicket. My Eyes had never left her, but were wholly employ'd and fix'd on this insolent Action, performed on so lovely a Creature. I needed no Solicitors but her Cries, to prepare me for a Revenge: And it was but a few Moments betwixt the Resolution and the Execution; for with the utmost Diligence I pursu'd him by the same track I saw him pass. Such Expedition I made, that my Haste outwent his Speed, and my Fury overtook him before I had time to consult with Reason: So that without demanding any Questions, I ran him thro' the Body, and he not having disburthen'd himself of his Fair Prey, fell down, clasping her in his deadly Arms.

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The first Thing I did was to free her from him, which with some Trouble I perform'd. After I had set her at Liberty from that Danger, and her frighted Spirits returned to her again, she fell down at my Feet, and embracing my knee, Sir, (*said she*) this sudden Assistance persuades me to Esteem you as the Genius of my better Fortune, since you have by timely Redemption preserv'd what is more precious to me, than that we prize most dear.

Her Tears, and sweet Speeches transformed me from my usual Temper; and I could not behold her in that mournful Posture, without participating in her Sorrows. So that taking her up in my Arms, I return'd her this Answer: Madam, I rejoyce that the Destinies have made me so Fortunate in making me the happy Cause of preserving you. If I have obliged you in this Action I have a Satisfaction above what I could hope, and Fortune has been kind above my Wishes, since few Minutes have pass'd when I was to seek for such an Opportunity to manifest my Affection. O Madam! Blame me not when I reveal I love you. If you think I have oblig'd you, Oh? pay it in Love, and I shall soon become the Debtor: And talk not of Death when the Gods detest the Propositions; but think, lovely Creature, if so much Beauty can be without Pity, and yield no Redress to my Love, see Beauteous Lady, Death will be kinder than you, and yield a Remedy when you deny it.

This said, (*with an Action wholly passionate*) I set my Sword against my Breast, saying, Here, Madam, is that, that will yield Relief in Necessity;

Necessity; and seeing I cannot live without your Love, I'll endeavour in Death to gain your Pity: And if my Love is become an Offence, this very Sword shall make Satisfaction, and destroy that Life that gave it Birth. She no sooner saw this desperate Offer at my Life, but casting an Eye of Pity on my Rashness. Oh, hold (says she) that fatal Weapon, the Cruel Disturber of my Quiet! And think, whoe'er you be, what an Error I must conclude in yielding to love one that till this Moment I never saw; and how I shall forget Paternal Duty to give myself away without their Knowledge. Consider what an Obligation will lye on you, when I rely upon your Promise of Fidelity to preserve my Honour intire; and now the Gods will punish you if you prove Perjur'd.

Virtuous Lady (*reply'd I*) you wrong my Love to think it base, and my Integrity to imagine I may prove unconstant. No, no, Madam; your Charms are too strong to be rivall'd by any other Objects, and Affection too entire to be deceived by any other Beauty. Because you shall not be obliged to love one you know not, and to esteem one that till this Minute you never saw; to disperse those Doubts, know my Name is *Almerin*, the only Son of *Artemidorus* Governor of this famous City of *Syracuse*: never before unfortunate, if you prove Pitiless; nor never before this time happy, if you become kind. Madam, if I ever endeavour to violate your Honour, or think to commit so great a Sacrilege on your Virtue, let all the Gods rain down Vengeance on my Head for my Disloyalty, and let the Heavens be Witness to what I promise.

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Oh hold! (*quoth she*) Swear not by that :
 Cankers may eat a Flower on the Stalk ; the
 scratch of a pin may soon defeat it ; and when
 in these Cheeks and Lips which you extol so
 high, shall not be left red enough to blush at
 Perjury, when you shall make it, what will be-
 come of me then ?

O Madam ! (*reply'd I*) Cease those Doubts,
 and dissipate such needless Fears : The Sun shall
 as soon falter in his Career, the Stars drop from
 their Places, where they have of old been fix'd,
 the Earth shall remove, Nature shall alter her
 Course, and all Impossibilities shall be perform-
 ed, when I prove Disloyal.

These Protestations did give her some Satis-
 faction ; and prevail'd so far with her, that she
 suffer'd me to enjoy the privilege to accompa-
 ny her to her Parent's House, which was with-
 in the City. When we came thither she gave
 her Friends to understand the timely Assistance
 I gave her ; as also my Birth and Quality, and
 Authority in the City. They no sooner receiv-
 ed this Relation from their Daughter but they
 bade me Welcome, and caressed me with the
 greatest Endearments. My Entertainment was
 extraordinary ; but the Kindness bestow'd on
 me was not after the lofty Court Mode, but
 most familiarly, as if I had been a near Relation
 unto them, and gave me thanks in the most
 obliging Terms for the Kindness conferr'd on
 their Daughter, which I could not receive
 without a Blush. Here it was I learned his
 Name was *Philaster*, an aged Knight, that had
 lived there many Years, that his fair Daughter
 was his only Child, whose Name was *Desde-
 mona*.

In several Discourses we passed away the Time while Supper lasted, where the chiefest Delicates I fed on was *Desdemona's* Beauty : And indeed it was she alone made all Things seem pleasant,

Supper being ended, and the Evening spent, I began to prepare for my Departure. After I had bade Farewell to the Old Knight and his Lady, I began to order myself to take Leave of the fairest *Desdemona*, and in this manner I accosted her. ' Fairest of Creatures ' let not Absence beget a Neglect in my Love, ' but think of the Torments I endure: And tho' ' Necessity inforces me to leave you, yet think ' how all Places will seem a Hell when you are ' absent; and that you bring a Heaven of Felicities when ever your fair self doth appear. ' O *Desdemona*! I must leave you: Yet shall ' I tell you, a poor Criminal never went to ' Execution with more Reluctancy than this ' cruel Parting seems to me, since I must leave ' all my Happiness with you, and go away accompanied only with my Torments and Miseries'. I had proceeded farther, but I saw some attentive, to understand what I said.

Desdemona return'd me no Answer, but a Blush. And after I had with an Extasy sealed a Kiss on her fair Hand I took my leave; yet not before the Old Knight and his Lady desired me that I would honour them so much as to further oblige them with my Visits. This Compliment over, I was conducted, and accompanied by them all to the Door, where stood a Chariot richly adorned to convey me to my Father's House. Here it was I parted from them, and bid the first Farewel to myself.

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self. I was no sooner arriv'd at my Father's House, but I was welcomed with the greatest Kindnesses that might be; my Presence diverting the Fears of any Dangers that might befall me. They began to enquire how I pass'd away the Evening so late; but I had a Story ready that gave them Satisfaction. After a while I gave them the Goodnight, and betook myself to my Rest.

But small Rest, Heaven knows, it was I could take: My Fancy form'd the Idea of fair *Desdemona*; and 'twas only them Thoughts that did give a small Cessation to my Torments. If *Morpheus* had intic'd me to a Slumber, immediately her fair Figure would appear. Here it was I did with an Extasy of Joy go to embrace this fair Idea of my Misfortunes, when behold I clasped the brittle Air, and with my Sleep would the Fair Phantom vanish. Oh! how often did I wish I might expire in such pleasing Falshoods: Yet the Gods deem'd me not so happy a Lot.

In this sort I pass'd away the Time, thinking the Night exceeded its usual length, exclaiming against *Phæbus* for his sluggish Approach? and yet when he did appear, how often have I wish'd his Absence: So that Night seem'd a Vexation, and Day a Torment. Some Two Days pass'd, and what for want of taking Sustainance in the Day, and for want of Rest in the Night, My Spirits began to decay, and my Body became fore-weakened, my Colour faded away, and my youthful Vigour abated, so that in a few Hours I became only a Shadow of what I was, and an Emblem of what I had been. My careful Parents wonder'd at this sudden

Alter-

Alteration and Charge: The Physicians were sent for, but their Conjectures came far short of the Disease; every one gave his Judgment as Fancy and Opinion gave them Birth, but all came short of the Symptoms of my Disease. My careful Parents never forsook my Pillow, seeking to search out the Cause of this Distemper, that so they might provide a Remedy.

Perhaps you wonder I did not reveal my Love to them at such a time when there was a Possibility of having my Designs granted.

Fairest Lady (said he, looking upon *Cynthia*) you will not marvel, nor have occasion to blame me, when you understand that about Six Weeks before I was betrothed by my Parents Consent to a Fair Damsel, nam'd *Artemisia*, Second Daughter to the Earl of *Palermo*. Indeed I think she was more noble than Fair, yet her Beauty was not so mean but it might have satisfied my Nicety, had I never beheld the bewitching Charms of Fair *Desdemona*. 'Twas on this Fatal Marriage I was destined a Victim to my Parents Wills, not my Desires. I knew my Father to be a Man too Passionate, and not to be alter'd by Perswasions in his Proceedings. Besides, this Marriage seem'd to augment and agree with his Ambition; and his being ally'd to so great a Lord, no mean Honour. He was obstinate in his Humours, nor could reason make him reverse what he had decreed; but especially those he imagined did tend to further and advance his aspiring Ambition. These were such infallible Truths as I well knew by his Consent would never be revoked. These were the unhappy Causes that

I did not reveal to them the Affection I had for the Fair *Desdemona*.

As from an Extream doth issue a second more dreadful than the first; so from this fewel of Love did proceed a burning Fever, more fearful and violent than the former. This was visible to the Eye of Nature, so that the Physicians by their Skill and Industry removed the Cause before it could take any deep Effect, and performed the Cure before ever the Disease had taken Root.

As nothing continues always in one State and Condition, so my Distemper began to abate, and my weaken'd Body began to recover a little Strength; yet in my Mind I received no Comfort, since my dearest Physician was absent. *Phæbus* had scarce run his Career Thrice in this Upper World, and lodged himself in the Western Ocean, but I left my Bed; and although I was extream feeble, yet I did endeavour to walk: And the first small Journey I made, was secretly to *Desdemona*. I had no sooner set my Face towards that Part of the City, but mark the wonderful Effects of Love? although my Body was weak, yet methoughts in every Step I went towards her I received new Strength: When I was arrived, and entred the House my Body became as if it had been inspired with a new Soul; and well it might, since it was there alone the Felicity and Content, which was the Extasy and Rapture of my Soul, did reside. Which imagination did beget a sweet Ravishment of Pleasures: So that the want of what I had so long desir'd had set the great Value of what I then enjoy'd.

Such

Such unthought of Alteration had my small Time of Sickneſs begotten on me, that none in the Houſe could hardly gueſs to diſcern what I might be; but them Thoughts were ſilenced when I reveal'd myſelf: So that they ſeemed to be poſſeſs'd with Amazement rather than with Unbelief. In a few Moments all their Suſpicions were vaniſh'd, ſo that I was entertain'd with their accuſtomed Kindneſſes. In a few Moments fair *Deſdemona* did appear; and although ſhe was forewarned by ſome in the Houſe, yet in her firſt Approach ſhe could not contain from Wonder. She bade me welcome as Deliverer, not as Lover! yet did her Eyes ſpeak Pity to my Diſaſters; and then her Looks ſeem'd a Sovereign Baſam to expel the worſt of Miſeries: What ſhall I ſay, 'twas here my Sickneſs took its Birth, and 'twas here I had the only Remedy to expel it.

After Dinner the old Knight and his Lady, with fair *Deſdemona*, invited me to take a Walk into a fair Garden adjoining to their houſe beautified with ſhady Arbours. Where Nature was holpen by Art to make the Work more exquisite: And was adorn'd with many pleaſant Walks.

But in the miſt of the Garden was a Houſe of Pleaſure, the faireſt for Workmanſhip that ever I beheld, ſo that Nature grew envious that Art ſhould excel her; endeavouring with fine ſhady Trees, and what ſweet Summers Li-very wears, to conceal it from the Eyes of the Spectators, when the pretty Birds that harbour in thoſe Boughs, ſeem to croſs her Intent with their Melodious Notes; inviting the Eyes of the Beholder not to leave ſo rare a Work unſeen.

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Into this Garden I accompany'd them, where we had some Discourse on different Subjects, which I think impertinent, and nothing relating to the Story of my Life. Thus having pass'd away some time, *Philaster* and his Lady retir'd themielves into the House of Pleasure before related. and left *Desdemona* only to entertain me. This Opportunity fell out above my Thoughts; and being unwilling to loose so fair a time, as we walk'd along the Alleys I began this Discourse.

Fairest *Desdemona*, I can't tell whether I should say you are more kind than cruel; or whether you are more fair than I am miserable. See, my divine Lady, behold I die alive: and what is more cruel than living Death? Can't you pity one that dies for Love? Oh, pierce my Heart! It is the nobler way; and let me not live in such Torments.

Sir (*said she*) I am not insensible of your love, nor do I take any Pleasure in your Torments; I would I could perform the one as willingly as I can the other, you should not languish for a Remedy; if a return of Love and Compassion can give you ease, I can pity: If that be too slow, I can grieve: If this will not do, think, Sir, in what Bands you are bound not to violate my Honour. Oh! Seek not to ruin this, and command all Things besides I am able to perform.

O Madam (*reply'd he*) Heaven send all those Punishments on my Head I so lately did invoke if I intend Dishonour to your Person. No Madam. 'Tis lawful Marriage I desire: And what is more honourable? This Way you may securely give a Cessation to my Torments, and
not

not injure your Chastity. Oh! Think if you can pity, as you give me to understand you can be not cruel to let me pine away with Sorrow, when you are the only Physician that can give a Remedy.

I had scarce finish'd these last Words, but Old *Philaster*, with his Lady, left the Place where they had remained this small time of our Discourse; and their too sudden Approach robb'd me of *Desdemona's* Answer. So that we made towards them: and joyning our Company and Discourse with theirs, we pass'd away the residue of that time; Fortune not offering me that Day another Opportunity where I might with Secrecy renew our aforesaid Discourse. After a while we left our Diversions; *Philaster* forsook the Garden, and we attended him in, where we spent the Remainder of that Day, which my Imaginations told me, did steal too swiftly away, since forsook my dearest happiness, and must be forc'd to part from my fairest *Desdemona*. After Salutations pass'd with the old Lady, I went and took my leave of my Charmer. And altho' my Desires were frustrated, and my intentions prevented, of speaking unto her, by reason of her Parents being present, yet my Eyes and Countenance secretly spoke the Language of my Heart; as far as could conceive I did not find she had any Aversion for my love; neither could I perceive in her Countenance and Looks, or in any of her Actions, she did betray any dislike to my Proceedings: But I found her not like your lofty Dames, scornful and disdainful, but the contrary.

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With this hope of my good Fortune I gave *Philaster* the good night, and returned secretly Home to my Father's, where they all wondered at my long Absence, yet glad to see me recover'd so well, wondring from whence the Cause of so sudden a Sickness should arise, as also at so unordinary a Recovery: But leaving them to surmise on Conjectures, to learn out that which as yet they did not know, I went to my Chamber where I pass'd away the Night in a different manner from what I had formerly done, my Hopes now having overcome my Despairs, and comply'd with all things that might jump with my Desires. In such pleasing Thoughts the Hours pass'd away; yet not so swift but I could number them, and think them slow in going.

Titan by her Absence gave warning of her Brother's Approach; and *Phoebus* had scarce saluted the Eastern Parts of the World with his desired Presence, but I arose and attired myself with a more than ordinary Curiosity; building many hopes in Expectation of what the following Day might bring forth, which now began to grow a little aged; and the hour approach'd wherein Visits are accustomed to be given; so that I took my Way to *Philaster's* House. As my Visits became more common, I was esteemed a less Stranger, and my Entertainment was more familiarly and friendly: so that after some Discourse had passed, and the Sun with his warm Beams began to climb to his Meridian height, I requested the Favour of *Philaster*, that I might take the Priviledge to pass some small time away in his fair Garden. Which request was kindly granted, himself

intending to accompany me ; when behold, as we were entering the Garden, he was sent for by a Messenger, that inform'd him that his Brother did attend him, desiring some Conferences with him about earnest Occasions that would not admit of Delay, so after pleading Necessity for his untimely parting, he left me.

Half an Hour had not pass'd since I enter'd the Garden but I saw fair *Desdemona* ; who, was sent by her Father to entertain me in his Absence. I made towards her with much Respect, and she accosted me with as kind a Reception, with such Innocency as might seem to bring in compass the Extravagant Thoughts of any but myself ; for they yielded Fewel to my unbanded Desires, and every Action of hers became an Oil to augment it, till it began to blaze into a Flame, which not extenuated, must needs consume in itself.

Here it was we betroth'd ourselves each to other, and register'd our Vows in Heaven before the Divine Deities. Here it was I could not bound my Joys, and consequently my Passion ; so that I could not refrain from folding her delicate Body in my Arms, giving and receiving many a sweet Kiss on her Ruby Lips. In this Rapture of Ravishment we spent the time, till *Sol*, with his Scorching Beams, forc'd us to retire into that pretty House of Pleasure, (before mentioned.) This proved a Defence against the Heat, and a Coveit to act our Loves more securely. Here we did double our Kisses and Embraces, while the pretty Birds did seem to participate in my happiness. Yet like a poor decay'd Man, who would think himself happy in the Possession of a small Estate
which

which when he obtains he rests not there, but is still aspiring to whatever is above him; and at last climbs to so great height, that to continue is dangerous, and to fall is a most certain ruin. This was a lively Similitude of my Condition, wherein I did then remain: The Favours she then conferr'd on me could not yield Content and Satisfaction to my Desires, but served only to beget a Confidence to presume to purchase greater, and aspire to higher Felicities. So that from the familiar Conversation I began to request the Fruition of that Love I then enjoy'd: And following my Request with such Intreaties and Importunities with a Promise of never-failing Fidelity, urged by such strong Persuasions, and resisted with such faint Denials, that I came to the yielding up of that Fort which the greatest Kings might envy me the Conquest of: In the Enjoyments of which Imperial Monarchs would have accounted it the highest Felicity; All which was wholly prostrated to my raging Passion, and lustful Desires. The Kisses, Embraces and Endearments were almost numberless, our Discourse treating wholly of our Loves and fervent Affections of the Day of Marriage. Thus we spent our time in a Paradise of Pleasure; passing them few Minutes we stay'd there in such Felicity as might well be termed the chiefest Happiness of Lover's Bliss.

But the sweet blooming Rose is not pluck'd
without a Thorn, nor the dearest Pleasure
reaped without Discontent: They are Ho-
ney in the Mouth, but Gall in the Belly;
sweet in the Taste, but bitter in the Digestion,
Such was the Fruition and Enjoyment of my
dearest

dearest *Desdemona* to me: a Moment of Happiness, attended by an Age of Sorrow: So that Pleasure serves only to make my Calamity more mournful, and the Felicity I have lost, to make me the Loser more wretched.

‘ *Hanibal*, the Brave *African* Conqueror, is praised, in that he knew how to gain Victories, but discommended, because he could not secure them: Losing by Indiscretion what by Discretion he had so bravely gained. ’ Such was my Misfortune! I knew how to purchase Happiness, but not to continue it. ‘ Such is the Folly of poor Mortals: One runs after Piches, and with great Care and Pains obtains the Felicity of his Desires, which is soon forgotten in the Possession. Another follows Honour, as the Elixir of his Hopes, which soon fades in the Enjoyment. A third hunts after Beauty, as the *Elisian* of his Content, which vanishes in the Fruition. ’ Thus we play with Happiness till it is lost unto us; and feed so greedily on our Pleasures till being overcloy’d we loose our Hopes and Sense of the Felicity we enjoy, and then too late we repent of our Ignorance and Folly, and prize the worth of that which is lost unto us above the Esteem we had when we did enjoy it.

‘ O fatal Emblem of my Misfortunes, and unfortunate Similitude of my Miseries! To prize too late the Jewel of my Soul, which I have lost by Forgetfulness and Neglect! Repentance comes too late; or if it did not I could not expect a Pardon. O my dearest *Desdemona*! Which seemest lovely in the Grave! Whose Remembrance must be sweet unto me, tho’ thou lyest forgotten in the Dust.

Here

Here the Sense of Grief put a Stop to his Discourse while he fixed his Eyes carelessly on the Ground. *Orsamus* and *Cynthia* beheld each other with Amazement in their Looks, in Expectation of the Issue of his Discourse, which he usher'd in with so bad a Prologue, and so Mouraful an Action and Gesture.

By this time *Almerin* had recollected his Thoughts, and raising his Eyes from the Ground, where the Time of his Extasy they had continu'd unmov'd, and fixing them on *Cynthia*, *Madam*, said he, *Can you pardon this abrupt failing in my Discourse, occasion'd by a Transport of Grief, in the remembrance of my former Felicities in the Relation I have already given you compared with what I must now relate unto you?*

' As Hunger makes the meanest Fare sweet and
' delicious to the Taste, so the Sense of Sor-
' row produces Felicity more lovely, and makes
' us prize every pretty Happiness as its true
' Worth: Grief is like the Sun at its going
' down, which yields our Stadows in the
' Evening more great and monstrous than they
' are, which when Day was in its Glory did
' scarce appear. Like a prospective Glass, which
' afar off yields the Object at an unusual big-
' ness, which being removed to a nearer dis-
' tance we can hardly discern, *Such*, (*Madam*)
will be the residue of my Discourse; which will
only serve as a Mirrour to make my Loss seem
more lovely, and the Grief I now possess more
fearful and dreadful.

But to defer your Expectation no longer, I'll go forward in my Discourse, and give you to understand, that after I had quitted Old *Philaſter's* Hospitality and Kindneſs with the Theft of his Daughter's Honour; and againſt the Vows I had made, by Inticements and Deceit, I had forgotten the faireſt Jewel in *Deſdemona's* Wardrobe, we ſaw him and his Lady enter the Garden. With all Expedition we forſook our Delights, and deſcended down a Private Pair of Stairs, unſeen of them, being ſhaded by the friendly Trees, which in the time of our Delights ſeem'd to ſtand as Watchmen to defend us, and now a Screen to ſecure us. This way we paſs'd leaſt they might ſuſpect what indeed was true, and ſo prepar'd to meet 'em; and having paſſed ſome ſecret Alleys, we met 'em as accidentally. Here we joined Company and Diſcourſe with them, and paſſed away the reſidue of Time till Dinner was brought in; upon which Notice given we left the Garden, and ſpent the remainder of that Day altogether in ſeveral ſorts of Diſverſion, till Night began to approach, and require my Abſence; ſo that Neceſſity urg'd my Departure; and returning them many Thanks for their Civilities and Kindneſſes, I took my Leave of *Philaſter* and his Lady; and having ſaluted *Deſdemona* with a Promise of a ſudden return, to require her in Marriage of her Parents, according to my Vows in the Garden, I left her, and with her all my Joys.

In my Way homeward my Spirits began to grow dull and heavy, my Mind became ſad and Melancholy; I found myſelf fearful, yet knew
no

no Cause I had to fear: On the sudden, Three Drops of Blood distill'd from my Nose, a Hare thwarted my Way, and a Night-Raven came croaking, and, with her dismal Note hovered over my Head. This confirm'd me in my Augury that something ominous and fatal did attend me, yet I knew not from whence it could proceed. I Had forgot to look up to Heaven, and consider I stood a Criminal there; but began to consider what might proceed from meaner and lower Causes; not considering that Heaven makes all things, in this Ball of Clay the Earth, serve as Punishments to the Wicked: Sometimes so strange and intricate his Divine Working is, that the Punishment is bound up with the Pleasure; as it hap, en'd now with me.

For I no sooner arrived at my Father's House but I found him inquisitive above his usual manner to know where I had pass'd away my Time these three Days past; my Absence having begotten a suspicion in him of what indeed was true, and my sudden Sicknes, seconded with as quick a Recovery, did confirm him: So that seeing me well recover'd, and almost in as good a State of Health as when I first fell Sick, he began his Discourse to me in this manner.

Son (said he) your sudden Health cannot give me more Joy than the extraordinary Cause gives me suspicion, lest in your Carriage, which hath been so reserved to me, you should act any thing which should fall contrary to my Intentions and Desires. You know the time will draw shortly near when you must marry your contracted Bride, Fair Artemesia; one which is as Fortunate as Fair, and as Wise as Fortunate: One, my Son that will

raise thee to a high Esteem of high Honours which is the Mistress young Gallants Court. And by the Alliance of so great a Lord we shall be made shot-free against the strongest Batteries of Fortune.

This Discourse so contrary to my Expectation, and Desires, and so fatal to my Love, assur'd me of the doleful Presages of so unhappy a Beginning: So that these Forerunners of my Misfortunes did portend and foretel some cruel Alteration and sudden Change in my present Estate of Happiness. Reason could now tell me, though too late, that in all the Vicissitudes and Changes of Fortunes, having once arrived at the chief Felicity we fixed on, as our only object, we fairly descend by those Steps by which we first did ascend. Nay, Fortune is sometimes so cruel as not to allow them that Leisure; but envying them the Felicity they have purchased, throw them down headlong from their Happiness, and cruelly breaks the Neck of their Hope. This taught me to know, any more, to mistrust and fear, that from the Fruition of *Desdemona's* Beauty and Love I should reap but a poor Harvest; and that my Promises would exceed my Incomes: Not that I could think myself unfortunate in the Enjoyment of my *Desdemona's* Love; but contrary, I thought myself wretched in the many Stops, Dangers, Casualties, Fears and Accidents, which began to shew themselves as Obstructions, to hinder me from the Continuance of so sweet a Felicity. These things I traversed in my Thoughts; so that at last I began to dare his utmost Anger, and resolved to stand the Charge of it rather than conceal my Love; well knowing if it were once reveal'd I should be rid of the

the Fear that did always wait on the secret concealing of it.

Having fix'd on Thoughts as my last Resolves, putting myself in a Posture and Action that might rather persuade his Pity than his Anger. Sir, said I, *Your suspicions are not groundless amiss; if you suspect I Love; and if I be a Criminal in making it a Secret unto you, forgive and pardon me when I shall make a real Confession. Yes, Sir, I do love, and with that Ardour and Affection, with that Constancy and Fidelity, as Death cannot divert my Inclinations: And should you make a Separation, or imagine an Alteration, know, Sir, my Vows are registered in Heaven with the Divine Deities, which if you once endeavour to violate expect the Punishments may attend your endeavours. You may command my Life, since you gave it me; but not my Soul, it is a Gift of the Gods.*

This Discourse, utter'd with as much Boldness as Confidence, began to raise a Storm in my Father's Countenance; for the Form of his Visage began to overcast with Frowns, and all his Actions became clouded over with Anger. So that Casting a frowning Look on me, enough to daunt me, had not my Love made me Proof against his Fury, and confident to sustain his utmost Charge.

Villain, reply'd he, and Shame to thy Blood, Dare you justify and vindicate that which is contrary to my Intentions? or can your Disobedience own what I have an Aversion against? Shall my Hope be thwarted by your Extravagant Youth and my Purposes frustrated by your ill placed Love?

Curse on your wilful Obstinacy, which puts me into this unusual Passion; and your boldness, that durst give me this Relation. Ungovern'd young Man! Can you think this giddy-headed Youth subject to all Passions, and pliable to all Impressions should better know how to govern his Passions, and direct his Actions, than his Aged Sire? Can he better chuse for his Good, than one who hath so often been acquainted and concern'd with the Vicissitudes and Changes of this Nature? No, no, young Man, you yet want experience, which is always the best School master, and the Mistress of Understanding. Your Youth is unruly, and like a head strong Horse that will run himself on any Dangers, without he be surely curb'd: So you grow bold and impudent; daring any Precipice so you may possess your unbonded Desires. But know I'll curb you in from these Extravagancies, and restrain you from these wild wandering Thoughts: And if I have been too indulgent, for the future you shall find me as severe. And so avoie my Sight, that by the want of Duty are become a Grief to my Eyes, and a Vexation to my Soul; and see that at our next Meeting you show not the least Aversion against your Marriage with *Artemesia*; but that you bound your Love and Desires in the Compass of my Will, and that you tread no strange Path, but that you reform and recollect yourself first, by taking your Rules from me: and not resolutely to run yourself headlong to Ruin, and me to Dishonour: But if you have any extravagant love, destroy it whilst it is young in the Bud; and learn to forget it before you come to the Knowledge of what it is. Return no Answer to justify what I must condemn, but regulate your Ways and Life by my Directions; and having so sure

a Guide you cannot err, or go stray. But if you continue still obstinate and audacious in your Proceedings you shall find I'll disinherit you both of my Love and Estate, and make account of you but as a Stranger, and a Rebel to my Blood.

Having said this he left me and departed, But alas ! How can I describe to you the Grief that did seize on me at that Time when *Desdemona* came to my Remembrance, and my Father's Cruelty was fresh in my Memory ! Oh, how was I torn between Love and Duty ! Now it was Love that led me in amaze so difficult and intricate, that my best endeavours could not keep me from Ruin. To go forward was dangerous, but to return backwards did shew more Perilous.

Like a poor Traveller in a desert Wilderness, pursued by a fearful, hungry, lean-jaw'd Beast, who in most fearful Manner always follows him to devour him. The poor Man thinks by his strong Travel to avoid the Evil beast that still follows him ; but being quite beaten out by long Travel and Fear, he stands in amaze ; to go out of his Way is grievous, add to return back is present death. Affrighted with his Danger, he endeavours by Craft (as his last Remedy) to deceive the Beast in his Pursuit. By chance he espies a deep Pit by the Way-side, and a little below the Pit's brim grows a Twig, which the poor Man seeing, goes and takes hold of the Twig, thinking thereby to avoid the Beast ; but then casting his Eyes down to the Bottom of the Pit, he sees a number of Serpents, Dragons, and other venomous Beasts, waiting for his Fall to devour him ; then casting his Eyes up he

' he sees the hungry lean-jaw'd Beast gnawing
 ' asunder the Twig that he holds by ; whereby
 ' he is bereft of all Hope and Help, and left to
 ' his devouring Enemies.

Such, Madam, was my desperate Condition :
 My sweetest Hopes began to leave me, Horror
 and Despair began to possess me, and Fear
 raised out the Expectation of a more happy
 Change. This confirm'd me in the ominous Pre-
 sage that did befall me in my return homeward
 from my dearest *Desdemona*.

How uncertain is Felicity that is raised on
 an uncertain Foundation ! It is as soon raised as
 raised, as soon destroyed as founded. Such was
 mine ; who not two Hours before did imagine
 the Destinies could not work a change in my
 Happiness, found now by Experience the Mu-
 tability and Alteration of Earthly Felicities,
 in finding myself Miserable, that in so small a
 Time before esteem'd myself happy above the
 Reach of Fortune.

After I had well weigh'd and consider'd all
 the Difficulties on either side that might befall
 me, I resolv'd at last that my love should reign
 supream, and remain entire to Fair *Desdemona* ;
 but yet withal, that I would shew a yielding
 Consent to my Father's Will in my Marriage
 with *Artemesia* ; and like to a Waterman, that
 Row one way, and look another, yet bring the
 Boat to the desired Place ; so I endeavour by
 this Policy, seeming to accord with my Fa-
 ther's Desire, when my Inclinations roved a
 contrary Courie ; and whilst openly I did com-
 ply with him, inwardly I might procure my
 own Content ; flattering myself, that as For-
 tune had made so sudden a Change in my happi-
 ness

ness, in some small time she might beget as great an Alteration in my Misfortunes, and at last bring me to the Period of my Desires; of which, though I had small Cause to hope, yet I did not wholly despair, since I did daily behold as great Mutations and Changes happen.

I did further resolve not to acquaint *Desdemona* with my Father's Resolutions lest it might beget her discontent, which would more disturb my own Quiet. My Intentions now were quite alter'd, and I began to repent my foolish Rashness, in revealing what I should have kept secret. But now I did intend to conceal my Passion for the future, since I had only given Manifestation of my Love, and not of the Person beloved, which I did expound as one happy Prefage of my more unfortunate Proceeding. This way I had fix'd on, since I had no other wherein I might walk with more Security. Nor did my Hopes altogether fail me; for by my crafty Wiles, the next time I accosted my Father, I had set so strange a Face on my former Proceedings, shewing myself so dutiful and pliant to all his Intents and Purposes, as begat Wonder in him when he did behold it. He question'd of me who this Object might be, to whom I did shew so great, and seem'd to have so firm an Affection not long since, which now I did seem to slight.

I understood very well the Subtleness and Craft he us'd, and how like myself his Actions were working one Way, and his Desires another, but both agreeing to intrap me in my dearest Secrets. But *Old Birds are not caught with Chaff*; for he could not so closely work his Mine to deceive me, But I as privately made
my

my Countermine to blow up; which I performed in this Manner.

‘ Sir, reply’d I, you are too Passionate in
‘ your last Discourte; and what I propos’d
‘ only to try your Inclinations, how you would
‘ have allow’d of a Change, if I could have ad-
‘ mitted by an Alteration, this you took to be a
‘ Verity, and too severely rebuked me for what
‘ was only Fiction; not allowing me one Mo-
‘ ment of Time, wherein I might disabule you
‘ in your Error, and ask your Pardon for my o-
‘ ver confident Presumption, in raising so great
‘ a Tempest from so small a Cause, and that I
‘ have not, nor never will, fix my Affections
‘ without your Approbation.

This Compliance to his Will, so contrary to his Expectations, began to work Wonders in his Mind, when my Artifice had persuaded him that all my former Discourses and Protestations were meer Deceit; so that instead of continuing so fierce in his Proceedings he became more mild, his Choler abated, he left accusing me, and began to excuse himself. I soon laid hold of this Opportunity, aggravating his Mistake, yet by always wherein any likelihood did appear exempting myself from Blame. And so far did I insinuate myself into his Soul of my Innocence in the Cause that he suspected me that my Deceit became approved Verities, and what I could relate in my Defence received as undoubted Truths; so that I think he never parted from me with a greater show of Love and Satisfaction than at this Time.

By this you may guess at the over credulous Belief of old Age, which is most subject and prone to believe each Senseless Story and wonder at what is related, although the Sense many time, comes far short of the Truth, because his Years have been Spectators of Alterations and Accidents as Strange; so that he believes what he does not see, and perhaps never was done, by the Example of some things strange and rare. So willing are they to believe Possibilities, wherein we see small likelihood of Truth. But such will soon, be traduc'd, and draw to believe Falshoods; how easily will they be brought to embrace a Fiction, adorned in the Robes of Truth; such an one as may jump with their Desires and Wishes! For we all find ourselves apt and ready enough to be deceived, and with eagerness hug the Deceit, when it sweetly holds Correspondency with our Hopes; the Lustre of which blinds us from seeing the Falshood, or else like a jealous Husband, we fear to discover what we would not know; when the Knowledge of that revealed may destroy the Happiness we enjoy, and consequently bring the Disquiet that we fear.

Whether this occasioned my Fathers enquiry to cease I cannot tell, but I well know I deceived him in his own Craft, and overwrought him in his own Device. Neither did I in Words alone confirm him in his Belief, but manifested the same in my Carriage and Actions; so that a Week or ten Days passed in this manner before I did offer in the least to absent myself from my Father's House. After which time

time I did secretly and privately many times visit and converse with my lovely *Desdemona*, but I made my Visits much shorter, which was soon perceived and taken Notice of by *Desdemona*, who urg'd a Consummation of our Marriage; fearing, as indeed afterwards it happened, that some unhappy Obstruction might defer it. I comforted her amidst these Fears with my Promise of Loyalty, and with my best Endeavours to procure my Father's Consent; which if I should fail of, I firmly engaged to perform all the Rites of Marriage at the end of one Month's time from thence next ensuing. With this Promise she remained satisfy'd, and in her Satisfaction I rested highly contented. We agreed, lest my often Resort should beget Jealousies of that which as yet her Parents had no Mistrust, that by a secret Way into the Garden I should have access at certain times, when I might secretly enter: Which to perform either we appointed a time at our parting, or else by a certain Token of a Handkerchief that gave me assurance I might securely pass.

By such secret and unmistrusted Paths I oftentimes visited my dearest Lady, who receiv'd me with as kind Endearments; where I oftentimes enjoy'd without Controul the happy Felicity and Fruition of her Love. ' But what ' Man is possessed of a Mine of Wealth, which ' does not bring with it Cares and Dangers? ' As the Bee carries Honey in her Mouth, but ' a Sting in her Tail; so unlawful Pleasures ' seem Heaven in their Performances, but Hell ' in the Continuance.

In this bitter Sweets, and stoln Pleasures, some Three Months had pass'd since I first saw
Desde-

Desdemona, and almost One since I made her the last Promise of Wedlock. Now the time began to draw near to confirm by Marriage, what I had already perform'd by Contract with *Artemesia*; and now alas, my dearest *Desdemona* found herself conceived and quick with Child, In neglecting the first I was sure to procure my Father's Displeasure; but in the latter, before God and Man, I could not quit myself of the grievous Ingratitude. In the first my Ignorance might excuse me; but to the latter I could plead no excuse, since my Vows to *Desdemona* proceeded from my very Soul, and no doubt had pierced the Gates of Heaven; when my Contract with *Artemesia* was performed only of Course, and in Satisfaction of my Father's Humour, and not for any Inclination or Love on my Part. So I resolv'd to continue firm and constant to *Desdemona*, and procure my own Content, in hazarding my Father's Displeasure rather than to satisfy his Ambition with my own Torment.

'Had I continued here I had stood firm; but the Bias of Fortune is too feeble for a Man to stand secure on, and too much Moving to continue constant; and the Mind of Man is as various as Fortune, is fickle and unconstant. As well may a Man build a spacious Castle on the Ocean, or a strong wall'd City in the Air, as seek to ground a Foundation, or raise a Building on a weak Resolution.'

This, Madam, you will see verifi'd in me for the time approached in sight wherein I must be married to *Artemesia*, but not the least Remembrance was given me by my father for a Preparation

paration; so that I began to bury the Thought of it in forgetfulness, thinking some difference had lately happened between my Father and *Artemasia's* Parents, so that I began to account myself secure as to that.

But a change of Fortune soon put me out of that Mind; for one Morning when I did least suspect such Deceit, my Father desired me to array myself in my best Attire, and wait on him to the great Temple of the City. This I performed with great Willingness, not mistrusting that any Deceit or Treachery had lain hid in his Request; so that I ran headlong to my Ruin and before I could find the Depth of this Plot, I found myself Shipwreck'd on a Rock, I was no sooner ready but I attended him to Church, only accompanied with my Mother, who was of his Confederacy. We soon arrived at the Temple, yet with more Haste than good Speed: for I was no sooner enter'd, but to my Amazement I saw the Earl of *Palermo*, with his Daughter *Artemesia*, with all his and my Father's Friends attending him, richly attired, and the Priest standing ready to join our Hands. They all came to receive and welcome me with much Respect, but my Amazement would not let me receive their Kindnesses and Endearments with a Behaviour as I ought to have done, for it was such a strange and unacceptable Sight, that I could not suddenly recover from my Astonishment; rather thinking it to be a Dream or a Fiction, than any thing else.

My Father came and rous'd me from this Trance: 'Son, (*said he*) wonder not at what
you

' you see, but recollect yourself, and embrace
' your Fortune. Surprizes in Love make them
' of greater Value. And this Business was ma-
' naged by me, that a Blessing that falls on you
' unlook'd for, might be by you more prized
' and esteemed. Cease your Marvel then, and
' accost those Friends with Respect that are rea-
' do to receive you.

His Discourse being ended and all the com-
pany having drawn themselves together to hear
my Reply: You bid me dissipate my Amazement
(said I) but my wonder growing great, I must
confess *Artemesia* is a Fortune above my Hopes
or Deserts; yet such a one as I cannot with safe-
ty possess, nor welcome it with content; lest by
enjoying such a Happiness, I should enforce the
heavenly Deities to make her wretched and mi-
serable for my Sake. For to put you out of
doubt, know I am betroth'd already to one that
is as Virtuous as Fair; with whom I have tied
such an inviolable Knot, that 'tis past the Art
of Man to unloose it, without provoking the
Gods to a Revenge: There's no Promise but
I have made it, no Protestation but I have per-
form'd it, no Ceremony but I have us'd it,
nor is there any Obligation or Vow but I have
seal'd it. Heaven hath joined our Hearts,
this can only join our Hands. In this Reason
will tell you I have shewn no Disobedience;
since as I lately told you Heaven gave me a
Soul, and 'tis only that I have dispos'd of with
its Consent: My Body is yet free which you
gave me; but it may as well survive without a
Soul as revoke the Vows I have lately made.
My Affection is so entire, that if all things
admit of Change it cannot be subject to
Alter-

Alterations. And should Death itself approach I should continue firm in the Grave.

I had continued my Discourse, but my Father hastily interrupting me, drew his Sword and presented against my Breast, *Die thou Rebellious Villain, said he and enjoy the Fruits of your Affection in the Dust.* This Action was no sooner taken Notice of by *Artemesia*, but she freed herself from her Father; and casting herself before my Father's Weapon, *Holla* said she *barbarous and unnatural Man, and Pierce this Breast 'twill shew less horrid and inhuman.* This unexpected Action with his Friends Persuasions and Intreaties, made him sheath his Sword, whilst a Salamander did seem to live in his Eyes which shot forth fire) like a murdering Canon, that lightens e'er it smoaks. *Wicked Wretch,* said he *I disown thee from this Hour from being my Son, and revoke all Ties and Privileges that Love or Nature hath given thee: I disinherit thee of all; and do not dare from this Minute to assume the Confidence to appear in my Presence as thou renderest thy Life and Safety.* Having said thus, in a chafing Rage, he left me, taking his Walk into the Cloisters of the Temple.

Now, Madam. continued he, suffer me too late, and in some sort to express how the scope of my Misfortunes received their main Original. Hitherto I only brought fewels my father set it on fire, and by his passionate rashness occasioned the mournful Tragedy of this ensuing Story, which I fear will force Tears from your fair Eyes. for as from one small Spark a great and furious flame will arise, so from excess of Passion proceeds uncommon Causes, and strange Effects: for if Nature derogate from

from its usual Course, no wonder then it degenerates, and bring forth Monsters. Unhappy is that Man where Passion reigns supream, it is destructive to himself and others. The Mind is Subject to many Passions, but this most hateful: 'Tis like the fern seed, that Men says, buds, blossoms, ripens, and shatters all within an Hour, for what Anger invents, Passions puts into immediate Execution. So *Alexander* slew his dear friend, for whom afterwards he bitterly repented: And so a father had almost become the Murtherer of his own Son. Any thing in the use becomes a second Nature; so doth Passion when it gains precedency. How hard and intricate was the Way I had to go, and how difficult the Choice I had to make! Both seemed deadly, and therefore either of them fearful. 'Tis a great over-sight in Parents by their Authority to procure their Childrens Ruin, when to obey them they'll inforce them to prove Perjur'd to the Deities; and so by making them their friends, make the Host of Heaven their Enemies; and by giving them Content, become their own Disturbers: But sure the fault of disobeying Parents in things of this Nature might have been excuseable, and there might not have been so much Difficulty in the Choice if I had priz'd Eternal Happiness above a Moments Anger. But alas, who can retreat that is predestinated to Destruction?

Age should be a Pattern to youth to walk by, Reason should be its Guide; that Reason being refin'd by Experience, should be a Helm

to

' to direct wild wandering Youth ; for Passion is
 ' peculiar to Youth, so should Wisdom and Gra-
 ' vity be to Age. Let all Men shun Anger and
 ' Passion as they would shun a Serpent that
 ' would devour 'em : It never brings no content
 ' but always begets new Aggravations of folly ;
 ' 'twill disturb their whole Body and Frame, a-
 ' sleep or awake ; indeed it will. To give you a
 ' small Description of Passion, and what it repre-
 ' sents, 'tis like a dry Pitchy Matter, which as
 ' soon as fir'd grows into a Flame. Like a
 ' Boisterous Tempest to the Mariner, or like
 ' an Arrow let fly from the incens'd Enemy.
 ' He which entertains Passion, makes much of
 ' his own Destruction when his Passion becomes
 ' his Master ; and what was on'y entertain'd as
 ' a Guest, begins to take a free Possession ; then
 ' he becomes like an unskilful Conjuror, that
 ' having rais'd a Spirit, knows not how to lay
 ' it again without Danger ; so passionate Men
 ' perform that in Fury and Rashness which
 ' they wish undone when Reason takes Place ;
 ' repenting of what they have perform'd out of
 ' Passion, and cannot remedy or amend at lei-
 ' sure.

But to leave off this Discourse, in which I fear
 I have detained you too long, I'll go forward
 with my Story. Understand then, my Father
 was no sooner parted and gone away, but poor
Artemesia received a check from her Parents and
 Kindred, for her too much Diligence and Care
 in preserving me, who did slight and neglect
 her ; and that it rather pertain'd to my Friends
 to have interceded, and diverted the Blow, than
 herself.

My

My Mother, with all my Relations came and importuned me not to continue so obstinate, with Intreaties and Perswasions, urging the danger I cast myself into, by bringing on my Head my Father's Displeasure and Curse. Then to compleat and finish what they had begun, they bring the Priest, who begins me this Discourse.

Son, said he, the *Romans* did punish disobedience in their Children with Death; so your Father had almost committed a Tragedy on you with his own Hands. Obstinacy in a Child is like Rebellion in a Subject, which always sounds horrid and notorious, let the Occasion be never so just, I will not now debate the justness of your Contract with the second Lady, but in my Judgment the first with *Artemesia* should have Precedency; being acknowledged by your self, and allowed by your Parents, and therefore must needs be of greater Force and Authority than the latter. In saying this I have given you my Opinion; but now I will give you my Counsel: I must agree with your Friends to persuade you that you would not continue so wilful in your Determination, but yield Obedience to your Fathers Will. Consider, when a Man is enraged what he is liable to perform as in this dreadful Example. Cease then any farther Provocations, and comply with your Fathers desires; since that way you may walk securely, when the other cannot be gone without danger; and doubt not but I will pacify all this stir. I would have replied, but so many did importune me that I had not time to answer or repeat their Temptings, but being vanquished by my Mothers Tears, I agreed to undo myself to humour them.

I was hitherto miserable, but I was more wretched in being belov'd by *Artemesia*, if her Love and affection had not been so great there might have been Hopes that my coldness might have begot an Aversion in her towards me. ' But like a Merchant o'ercharg'd with Debt, when when he begins to fall, all things agree to ruin him ; so that he only knows them to be wretched, and then from whom he hopes and expects for Relief, most times conspire and agree to his Ruin. And as the *Persians* adore the rising Sun, and curse it again e'er the Day be half spent ; so Fortune seems to court the Man that flourishes in Prosperity and scornfully neglects him when he falls into Adversity.

This was the last Blow, and I utterly undone. For upon Notice of my Consent, my Father returned with *Artemesia* and the Earl of *Palermo* her Father, where in the midst of a great throng of People, which this disturbance had brought together, the Priest joined our Hands, the usual Ceremonies were perform'd with great State, which being once ended, I was attended by my Friends, with a very great Company, to my Father's House, where with Revels, Musick, Masking, Dancing and Feasting, they pass'd away the Residue of that Day ; and the Night approach'd when my Father, with the Earl of *Palermo* conducted us to our Lodging, where they left us, as they imagined, to make a new Banquet of Pleasures. But they were no sooner departed out of the Chamber, taking her by the Hand, *Madam*, said I *this Body you have so virtuously preserved is but a poor Recompence in Consideration of the danger you underwent for my sake, and I fear you will*

will soon grow weary of what so lately you had an Esteem for, since I am become a Burthen and Torment to myself, and by consequence in the Use may prove so to you O *Artemesia*! Thou enjoyest this wretched and miserable Part of me, the Body, when my Soul is bestowed elsewhere: Thou hast only the Shadow of what I am, when another enjoys the Substance. How for your sake only could I wish Love were no Mathematick Point, but would admit of Diversion; that in some sort I might quit the Obligation that I owe you! O cruel Parents! You are too kind to procure my Discontent, and give no Medicine to dissipate it.

Poor *Artemesia* stood dissolv'd in Tears at my discourse, and although the Circumstance of my Disasters made my Misfortunes become an Use, so to grow senseless of my Sorrows, yet I could not continue insensible of her Miseries, nor refrain participating in them, Grievs which had their Original from me; and altho' I could not Love, yet I could be pitiful: So that clasping her in my Arms, often times kissing her, Come to my Bed, my Love (*said I*) and let see if the Night can yield us as great Felicities as the Day had begotten us Miseries.

Oh, how I was wreck'd by my Conscience that ensuing Night, which presented my Ingratitude in lively Colours! The Day approach'd, but to no other end but to renew my Miseries, and make my Perfidiousness seem the greater, *Artemesia* with her kind and sweet speeches and lovely Behaviour did endeavour to divert these melancholy Discontents: And this seemed another dagger to pierce my Breast, since I could make no return for such a mine of Love. However, I car-

ried myself to the Eyes of all Beholders, contrary to my usual Behaviour; yet to my Wife I would give no occasion to despair, lest she might find the Calamities she had fallen into too soon.

Two Days had pass'd away since my Marriage with *Artemista* and the 3d approach'd, wherein I had given my faith to marry *Desdemona*, the remembrance wrought so strong on my Affections that I intended to write and excuse myself, lest she might think by my neglect, I performed that willingly, that I was enforc'd to do by necessity: So that taking Pen and Ink I wrote as followeth.

Almerin to Desdemona.

My dearest Joy.

IF Necessity might be permitted to plead my excuse I might hope for a pardon; but I know myself too much a Criminal to plead not Guilty. I am condemn'd already, before Sentence is pronounc'd by your fair self; and I find my faults too notorious to find a Reprieve: Yet should you consider my cause judiciously you would pity where you would not forgive. To hold you no longer in suspense, I must relate what indeed you least expect to hear; which when known you will wish it had been still kept a secret. My dearest Love I am married; and that Word will acquaint thee I am wedded to my own Ruin. I will not go about to diminish or lessen my fault, tho' I might plead some Excuse, but I will rather accuse myself, and aggravate my Crime; for of two Evils the last is to be chosen, and I have chosen the greatest: I have wilfully sought my own Destruction when I might have shunned it: And who will pity a Spendthrift that willingly makes himself a Bankrupt? I ought to have been constant to thee
and

and fronted my Fathers utmost Displeasure, nor should Anger, Loss of Estate, or that which is more precious, Life itself, have induced me to court my Ruin. But like an unskilful Gamester, that has lost his Estate at one Cast, sits down and repents of that which his Wisdom might have prevented; so I repent of my own Folly, and lament what is irrecoverable. I have nothing to do but to despair, for all happiness is vanished as to me and my future Joys are fled away with my Hopes. There is not the dearest good on Earth I would entertain or welcome for a Happiness now I have lost the Felicity of being yours since all other Happiness is summ'd up in that one. My Folly has been my torments, and my Chastisement shall be equal to my Folly. But my best love, seeing my Ingratitude and Perfidiousness is such that I can't expect forgiveness, yet let me carry this Comfort to my Grave, that you did not hate me, and I shall rest quiet in the Dust.

Almerin.

I sent this Letter by one that did attend me, of whom I had often made Trial of his Secrecy and Fidelity; to whom I reveal'd all the particulars which had happen'd to *Desdemona* and myself, and of the continuance of our Loves. It is some Comfort in our Miseries when we have a partner in our Sorrows, one that will participate in our Griefs, and to whom with confidence we may reveal our closest Secrets. Such an one was this Man, whose Name ought not to be concealed to this story *Fidelio* was his name, and it well suited with his Nature. I gave him directions to the Garden gate, with a charge to remain there till he saw *Desdemona* enter; with a description of her Person, and an excuse in his Mouth in my behalf. Away he went to execute what I had com-

manded him, whilst *I* with an earnest Expectation waited his Return. The Day began to grow aged, and Night with her sable Mantle began to appear when like a careful Watchman and true Centinel *I* expected to be relieved. *Fidellio* long expected, at last, carefully returned: *I* no sooner saw him but *I* endeavoured to read my Destiny in his Looks; but *I* beheld there a sad Omen to attend me. Yet with an earnest Desire, accompanied with many timorous and suspicious Apprehensions *I* thus bespoke him. *Fidello* doth thou intend to make me linger away in Expectation and Silence with that which being revealed will kill as soon as known? What is *Desdemona's* Sentence; be it Happiness or Misery, Joy or Sorrow, Life or Death, nothing can be bitter or harsh what she commands, but *I* shall be all Obedience like all Men *I* am loth to suspect where *I* love, yet it is not without Pain *I* expect your Answer. *I* am earnest you should reveal what perhaps *I* would not know; yet *I* would fain know the worst, that *I* might be freed from the fear of worst to come.

He returned me no Answer, but drawing a Letter from his Bosom, Sir, (*said he*) here is that will give a better Account of your Fortune than myself; peruse that; after which *I* will give you a Relation of all the particular Passages that have happened and fallen out in this small Time of Abience.

I had no leisure for a Reply, but taking her Letter, *I* hastily opened it, and carefully read these Lines, which while *I* live *I* shall retain and keep in my Memory.

Desdemona

Desdemona to Almerin.

Perfidious Man.

IF I had priz'd my own Felicity before your Content, I had been as happy as I am now miserable. It grieves me more than my Misfortune to see one whom I did esteem as dear as myself, become spotted with that heinous Sin of ingratitude, to Triumph in the Ruins of a Maid which did but prize you above her Life, I should nor have believed it but I see it confirmed by your own Hand, that your infidelity, and your Accusations of yourself a Salve for my Misery? No such Medicine cure me, neither will such Balsam repair the Wounds of my Honour: Both were violated by yourself but you have now made your self incapable of such a Restitution as might perfect the Cure; the Remedy is as dangerous as the Disease; and both are become hopeless of a Cure. I could accuse you for betraying me. There may be hopes of conquering and overcoming Difficulties, but there can be none in expecting impossibilities. it is now too late to exclaim against you, because the Storm is already fallen; so that is past your skill and above your Art to divert it. Your being become your own Accuser hath quitted me of that pain; and the Evidence you have given against yourself has sav'd me the Labour of convicting you, but will not quit me of complaining, and calling you Perilets? Cruel to yourself, in the Misfortunes of this innocent Babe, the burthen of my Womb; and pitiless to me the unhappy Mother. O *Almerin*! if you studied Fidelity and Constancy, as much as you have Deceit and Falshood I had not been thus miserable,

nor you so wretched as you would make me believe you are. You sue for Pardon ; it is no hard Matter to have it granted from one that cannot hate you, and in spite of herself must still love you. I wish the Gods would forget the Vows and Invocations you have register'd with them as willingly as I forgive you : But I fear some heavy Curse and Summons is issued out against you, for your Sacrilegious Violation of their Deities, which I pray Heaven to divert. If my Blood would make Satisfaction and Attonement for your Crime, I should willingly sacrifice it for your Offences, that as in my Life, so in my Death, I might continue yours more than my own.

Desdemona.

These Words, like Dart, wounded my very Soul. Her innocent Sweetness made my Infidelity appear more notorious. *Fidelio* to perfect the grievousness of my Crimes, at my request related these few Particulars.

* Sir, (*said he*) according to your Order and Directions I staid at the Garden-gate some time, but it was not long before I saw *Desdemona* enter, and with her Presence, like another Sun, did dazle the Eyes of the Beholders : Her Attire was negligent and careless, her Countenance seemed to be clouded with a sweet melancholy Sadness, fitly suited to her Thoughts ; and tho' all were shadowed and overcast with a Veil of Grief, yet she seemed charming, since it did only serve that we might behold her Perfections at a nearer distance, and her Vertues more apparent and plain. So we may see the Sun when he is clouded, which in a late Day we dare not approach.

proach with our Eyes. Such was her Grief it would make one in Love with Sadness; and such her Gesture it would make one welcome Sorrow.

Ravish'd with this Apparition I knocked at the Gate; which I had scarce done, but like a Goddess she appeared, and fix'd her Eyes upon my Face, perhaps presaging me to be some Harbinger of ill News; but quickly recollecting herself, *Sir, (said she) Are you not mistaken have you any Business with any Person here? This is no common Way, and it gives me some cause of Wonder how you came here.*

Charmed with her Speeches, I returned this Answer, *Madam, it was not a Mistake that brought me hither, nor by Chance that I appear before you, but expressly and on purpose. I was sent unto you by Almerin the Governor's Son of Syracuse with this Letter, with a Charge to deliver it into your own Hands.* With the Words I delivered her your Letter; which I had no sooner done, but I perceived she was possessed with an unusual and strange Commotion and Emotion of Spirit; sometimes the Roses of her Cheeks were overtaken with a lovely Red, and suddenly they vanished and gave Way to the Lillies to possess their Places. She kiss'd the Letter, and earnestly enquired of your Health, to which when I had given her an answer, she intreated me to walk into the Garden; and to shutting the Door, she retired herself into a private Harbour where opening the Letter, she began to read it over, whilst I feared myself to behold her.

' When on a sudden all the former Signs of Joy vanish'd and were dispers'd, her Visage was overcast with a fatal Disturbance, her Breast began to pant, and a Shower of Tears began to fall from her fair Eyes, which hung on her Cheeks like pearly Dew on a sweet-smelling Rose: Such were her Actions that they would have induced the wild Satyrs and fierce Beasts to pity: It is not often I weep, but I could not refrain myself from Tears, nor can I quit the remembrance now, but with a mortal sadness. She shew'd nothing of Rashness in her Carriage, as inventing he complains or means but mildly and sweetly closing up all in her own Breast, till that Closet grew too little, and the Vessels too small to contain her Grief.

I beheld this alteration with a grievous Trouble, when in a Moment she began to be grievous pale; her Eyes which did shine like two Stars began to grow dull. In fine her Spirits being over-charged with Sorrow, and weary of so great a Burthen forsook her; so that letting your Letter fall out of her Hands, imperfectly pronouncing these Words, *Adieu*, She fell into a deadly Trance, without any Motion or hopes of Life, I ran hastily to catch her before she fell, but came too late; so that falling she had seated herself on a Bed of Violets, which seemed to close and hang down their Heads at this fatal Misfortune.

Then it was I curst you for your Perfidiousness to so sweet a Creature. Heaven only knows the extreams of Grief I then endured; I could not go out of the Garden, and leave her in that forlorn Condition, yet to stay was pe-
rileous

rilous to my Life : But in a small Consultation
 my Pity overcame my fear, and the care of her
 safety, The Thoughts of my own Security : So
 that running to a Fountain in the Garden, and
 taking cold Water in my Hand, I sprinkle it
 on her Face ; and taking her lovely Body in my
 Arms I softly began to bow her : So that open-
 ing her fair Eyes, and sending two or three
 Heart-breaking Sighs, as a Token of her Soul's
 return to her Body, which was lorn, as it seem'd
 to leave so fair a Habitation. When her Sen-
 ses began to execute their proper Function and
 Duty, casting her Eyes on me, and taking no-
 tice that I had her in my Arms ; Sir, (*said she*)
 I perceive I have been a Trouble to you, for
 which I ask your Pardon and intreat you to assist
 me to yonder House (*shewing me a Place situate*
in the midst of the Garden) so that raising her up
 I supported her by the Arm ; first taking up your
 Letter, I conducted her to the House, where she
 wrote the Letter that I now delivered you ; and
 sealing it, gave it me with these Words, tell
 him I wish him much Happiness and Felicity,
 for myself tell him I shall hardly find any, but
 in the Grave. So descending the Stairs, I at-
 tended her to the Gate ; and so taking my Leave,
 I left her, bewailing your ingratitude.

Thus *Fidelio* ended his discourse, and con-
 tinued silent, making the Epilogue of his Dis-
 course a melancholy Representation of the Story
 he had related, and confirming what he had said
 to be nothing but Verity. I could not retain
 from participating with him, since it could pro-
 duce so much Pity in a Stranger's Breast that

but a few Hours before had but only seen her ; without my Breast had been Marble it must melt into Compassion at his Rehearſal. I could do, no leſs than hate myſelf ſince ſhe continu'd ſtill to love me ; making my Faults more odious, for all my Perjury and Infidelity betraying and abuſing ſo much Innocence, *Deſdemona* ſends me Word ſhe loves me ſtill, and ſhall do ſo in Death, ſhe forgives me too more than I can forgive myſelf : Yet this was the ſame *Deſdemona*, whoſe Goodneſs and Kindneſs I ſo much abuſed. Her harmleſs Innocence began to ſet a higher Price on her Vertues in my Soul than formerly I had for her Beauties : I began to know the Worth of the Treſure I had forgoe, and found the Value to ſurmount all Eſteem.

Now all my Thoughts and Deſires became wholly engag'd, to make my Endeavours ſuitable to my Mind, which made it its whole Buſineſs, in ſome ſort, to tender an ample Satisfaction, in Recompence of the Injuries I had occaſioned her ; but I found my Deſires were all fruitleſs, and that my beſt Performances would be of no Value, while *Artemeſia* remain'd as an Obſtacle to obſtruct my intentions. 'Twas here the Agents of Hell ſollicit'd and aſſiſted me in this Tragical Deſign, ſo that her Death was concluded in a Moment, nothing remain'd but the Means how to effect it.

' When a Man is once made the Scope of the Miſeries of Fortune, he only knows then what it is to be unhappy : So when a Man begins to be bad, he only knows then how to become more wicked. What at firſt ſeems Horrid,
by

by Custom becomes an Use, and Use does metamorphose it into a Second Nature, else could I have so soon consented to add Murther to my Perjury? As if one Sin would expiate and make Satisfaction for another Crime; not having Patience to go by degrees, but I must run all speed to my Ruin. One Sin doth seldom go unaccompany'd alone, but is attended by a great Evil. By Nature we are too prone, forward and eager, to be wicked much more when we make it a Habit. I should have weaned myself from it in time, before it had procured my utter Destruction and Confusion; but I find too late I commiserate my own Folly, and complain of the faults I might have prevented. So that all the Benefit that proceeds from that lamentable Story, will be a caution and a Warning to the Ages to come, that by my Harms they may prevent their own Destiny; and carefully taking warning by my Disaster, they may wisely shun the Reel, whereon I was shipwreck'd.

As formerly I was black with Perjury; now I began to Plot how to be Red with Murther, in taking away the innocent and guiltless Life of one that not five Days before had preserved mine: But Reason and Consideration were banished them, no Thoughts remained but how to accomplish and finish what I had so barbarously began. I had thought of many Ways how to bring it about: First I thought to have strangled her in Bed, but that seemed dangerous to perform. Poyson at last I resolved on. I was loth to trust any one with a Secret of so great a Consequence, whereon my Life did depend. So that I went myself to an Apothecary

ry in the City, of whom for some few Crowns I purchased the fatal Potion; and enjoyning him to Secrecy, I went to perform my fatal Resolution.

Being come to my Father's house I found poor *Artemesia* indisposed in her Bed, and going to visit her in her Chamber, I sat down by the Bedside, where casting her Arms about my Neck, and bestowing many a sweet Kiss on me, with Endearments so obliging, that if Hell had not conspired her Ruin, sure it would have turn'd the Current of my barbarous Design. Much Discourse passed till she did desire to take a little rest, so kissing her I left her to her Repose; but taking Notice of a Posset that was preparing on the Fire, the Maid being busy about her Mistress, like a fiend of Hell, I hastily and unseen emptied the Poison into it, and so departed away undiscry'd. About half an Hour after this invenomed Drink was administred unto her, which spreading itself by degrees into all Parts of her vital Spirits, with its Force soon made a separation betwixt the Soul and the Body, and left only her Breathless Corpse on the Bed.

This sudden Rumour of her more sudden Death begat an Admiration to whom it was related. Accompany'd with my Father and Mother I went to see her lifeless Trunk, not without Tears in my Eyes, but I cannot safely say whether it was in Deceit, the better to cover and put a Mask on my Villany, or the woeful Object presented to my Eyes, but for one, or either or both together, many signs of Sorrow I made. Mean while Messengers were sent to my Father-in-Law, the Earl of *Palermo*, with the
heavy

heavy tydings of his Daughters untimely death. They arriv'd at the House about the evening, but the Lamentations and Moans they made over the untimely Hearse of their dear Child were numberless. They were not without doubts and mistrusts about the sudden occasion of her death, but having no Light whereon they might build or ground a Suspicion, it vanish'd as soon as it receiv'd Birth. After Nature had paid her tribute in Parental Tears, her Body was carefully Coffin'd up, and about two Days after, the same Company that attended me in my Bridal Nuptials in State and Triumph, this Day accompanied the Corpse of poor *Artemesia*; and her sorrowful and disconsolate Parents, all cloathed in Black, as best suiting and agreeing with the mournful Object they attended. At last we arrived at the Temple, where the Body was committed to the Earth, after the usual Ceremonies of the Dead were celebrated. And here I cannot be silent, although I shall aggravate my own Crimes.

When I consider and meditate on the frailty of poor Mortals, and the Vicissitudes and Alterations they are subject unto. Here was but a seven Days space between a Marriage Bed and a Grave, betwixt Joy and Sorrow, and a smaller time betwixt Life and Death; but in the space of a few Hours a Man becomes no Man. Man returns to the Dust. He comes forth like a pleasant Flower, and is soon pluck'd by the Hand of Death: If he continue he soon begins to wither of himself; and Age and Time like a tedious Winter, soon nips away his Lustre.

Madam,

Madam, said *Almerin*, proceeding forward in his discourse, and facing his Eyes on *Cynthia*, no doubt but you wonder to see me interlace in this my mournful Story so many various Accidents of Change and Fortune, of the frailty of Life, and uncertain Certainty of Death; but these are the only Balsams that sweetens my Misfortunes, and the Antidotes that expel the Venom. For thus in comparing time present with the time that is past, I find there is nothing done now but hath been done before us. So that it is some comfort to have so many illustrious Personages, Fellows in our Misfortunes. Like a Man that hath many dangerous Wounds, the greater dissipates the Pain of the lesser, and the Torments of the one makes the Ruins of the other become familiar. This, Madam, is my Design, to make you acquainted with Death himself, that the latter part of my Story may seem less horrid unto you, and in some sort to sweeten your Resentments, if you should conceive any to my Disadvantage by the relation of this Story.

But to keep you no longer in suspense I shall proceed. After *Artemesia* was interr'd in her Grave, the Earl of *Palermo* with his Laddy came home to my Father's House, where they remain'd, bewailing the Death of their dear Child about three Days time; after that was expired they dreparted their Journey for their own home. With a feigned and hypocritical Sorrow, I offered my Service to wait and attend them: But it seems being unwilling to be obliged to one that they did suspect (as afterwards they said) of their Daughter's Death, with much Thankfulness and Civility dismissed, and bad me Farewel.

Four Days had pass'd since the Burial of *Artemesia*, and two since the Departure of her Parents, when to pass away the Summer's Evening, and to refresh my drooping Spirits with the sweet Air and pleasant Shades, I retired myself, only accompanied with *Fidelio*, into the same Garden, wherein I was first surpris'd with my Fair *Desdemona*.

Phœbus now hasten'd to bathe his sweltry Steeds in the foaming Ocean, and his Sister *Luna* began to appear, so to expel the usurping Shades of Night, when being comforted by the refreshing Sweetness of her cold Influences, so that the Pleasures I then enjoy'd, accompany'd with the thoughts of enjoying *Desdemona*, made the time seem short in the Contemplation, and the Hours Minutes in the Imagination, so that the unexpected Hour of ten arriv'd. *Fidelio's* Intreaties with the lateness of the Evening, could not persuade my Return as yet, my Mind being employ'd on other Thoughts more agreeable, after the Clock had struck eleven I intended to leave the Garden, but first resolving to visit the happy Place where I first rescued my dear *Desdemona* it was almost upon the stroke of Twelve e'er, I arriv'd there! The Night continued fair and Clear, and this was the most private retiring of any in the Garden; where I was no sooner arriv'd, but to Amazement, behold, by the glimmering and feeble Light of the Moon I saw a beautiful Woman, her Countenance was pale and wan, dropping pearly Tears from her fair Eyes, which she wiped off with a Handkerchief. She sat on the Ground, leaning her pretty Head on her

her Fair Hand. She seem'd wholly a Map of sorrow; and gave Demonstrations, by her surted Actions that her Gesture could not express the least Torment of her Mind. My Curiosity and Pity perswaded me to leave the Place, to learn the Reason of such uncommon Sorrow. I had no sooner approached before her being near enough to have spoken unto her, but as one surpriz'd unawares, she hastily takes away her left Hand, that supported her Head; which she had no sooner done, but behold from her Breast issued a Crimson Gore. My Amazement was greater, when in her Face I beheld the Visage and Features of *Desdemona*, tho' overshadowed with a Veil of Sorrow. Her Countenance seemed to contend with Grief and Pity, rather than with Wrath and Anger.

Frighted with the Horror of this Sight, I stood metamorphos'd, like an Image of Stone, not being able to go forward, or retire backwards, when this woful Object came nearer unto me, fixing her Eyes stedfastly on my Face; after a while, raising her right Hand, laid it on her Wound, which seemed all this while to run in a Purple Flood down her Breast, sprinkling the Grass where she stood with scarlet Dye. My Amazement was augmented, when unfixing her Eyes from my Face, she list'd them up towards Heaven with so pale and mournful a Posture as would have produced Pity in the most senseless Breast. This sudden surprizal accompany'd with my Fears, did cowardice all my Spirits, so that I had not the Confidence nor Courage to open my Mouth to speak to this pitiful Apparition which once more lifting up her Hand to her Wounds, giving me a grievous parting look, she suddenly
vanish'd

vanish'd out of my Sight. I was amazed after its Departure, and jealous whether I should believe my Eyes or no; or whether this was a real Apparition or a Fiction brought forth by Fancy, and begotten by Imagination, that had left such fresh Impressions in my Soul, and figured such dismal Ideas in my Mind. But these Doubts were soon expelled and banished by Reason, and the succeeding Accidents soon confirmed the Effects to be no Illusions; for before I could recollect and rally together my frighted Spirits, behold from the Thicket hard by me issued dismal Screeches, horrible and fearful Moans, accompany'd with uncommon and confused voices; the Heavens on a sudden covered themselves with a Sable Cover, and the Moon hid her Face under an Eclipse. The Noises became yet more loud and terrible, and the resounding Eccho of the horrid Clamour drew nearer and nearer, and so became more fearful and dreadful. The Horizon was cloath'd with thick dark Clouds, from whence proceeded a stormy Shower of Hail and Rain; the Wind grew Tempetuous and Boisterous, fearful Flashes of Lightning proceeded, as if the Woods had been on Fire, after which followed and ensued loud and fearful Claps of thunder. The Storm increas'd, and became more horrible, when from the neighbouring thicket rush'd out a Woman, who approaching me, I soon knew to be the dead *Artemesia* I would have fled from her Sight, but could not fly my Destiny, when coming yet nearer unto me, with a weak, and feeble Voice, she uttered these Words.

Wretched Man, now the Reward of thy Wickedness draws near, and thy Punishment is at Hand. Heaven is ready to leave thee, and the Earth is prepared

Prepared to swallow thee, Sentence is pronounc'd against thee, and Messengers prepared to execute it. My innocent Death will not go unrevenge'd, nor your Perjury unpunished. Co, miserable and wretched Man! Despair: Think of nothing but Horrors, Shrieks, Pains and Torments: Let Content and felicity henceforth become Strangers unto thee, and let thy Misfortunes become ever worse and worse: Let thy Sleep be short, and disturbed with fearful Visions. The Remainder of your Life shall be a living Death: You shall seek for Death but you shall not find it. This is the Commission I had to unfold to thee from the Higher Powers, which having reveal'd I leave thee to thy fate.

This said, she vanish'd from my Eyes like Lightning; so soon she disappeared to my sight but not to my Thoughts; for the Remembrance was green in the Memory, and the Thought so fixed in my Soul, that I think the feigned Phantasm would hardly yield Precedency to the Real. My Eyes were yet firmly bent towards that Part of the Thicket I saw *Artemisia* take. And *Fidelio*, which the time of this Tempest had conceal'd and sheltered himself in a Thicket near at Hand, after his Desires and Intreaties became fruitless, in requesting me to retire with him, when he came unto me, he found me not removed from the same Place where he left me. Wondering at this Change, he took me by the Arm: Sir, said he, what occasions these ghastly Looks, and fearful timorous Apprehensions? You seem as if you had met your Sins or been accosted with your Grandfather's Ghost. What causes you thus to bend your Eyes on Vacancy, and fix your Thoughts on Shadows?

Where

Where do you let your Imaginations ramble, your Spirits rove, and your fancy runs at random? Sir, Consider where you are, what time of Night it is: Recollect yourself out of these Dumps, and let us repair away from this fatal Place, that has brought you this Disturbance.

His earnest Importunities brought me to myself; and seeing him expect a Reply, Yes *Fidelio* said I, my Sins have met me full blown, and Ghosts more Terrible and fearful than any Grandfathers. By Heaven, *Fidelio*! Shadows haunt me. Saw you not my dearest *Desdemona* here, and deceas'd *Artemesia*, who just now pronounced the Sentence of Horror and Damnation against me.

' Sir, replied he, These Chimeras be nothing but the Delusions of a disturb'd Brain proceeding from the Strength of Imagination, which forms to itself Wonders which the Spectators cannot behold; such no doubt, was yours; for I protest and vow to you I heard no Voice, nor did I apprehend any such Similitudes: *Artemesia* lies quiet in her Grave, and I doubt not but *Desdemona* is asleep in her Bed; Rest will soon divert these Illusions, and cure this Disquiet: Come, Sir, Let us walk home, the Night grows aged, the late Storm is past, both call on us to be parting, lest we should be prevented by a second Disaster; your Parents expects you, and your Necessity requires you that you change yourself of your wet Cloaths; which your Absence from your own House will not permit you to perform.

His Reasons followed by his Intreaties made me accord to leave the Garden, and without returning

turning my Answer I straitways accompany'd him. We soon came to my Fathers, where they all sat up expecting my Return ; but they no sooner beheld me in that Condition and ghastly Distemper, but they stood like People charged with Amazement in their Looks. I was had to my Chamber by *Fidello*, and some other Servants, where my Cloaths were taken off, and I betook myself to my Bed ; but Oh the Horrors that accompany'd me the latter Part of this Night were numberless ! if asleep, *Desdemona* presented herself to the Eyes of my Soul ; tho' my Bodily Eyes were shut, yet suddenly starting from my Trance, methoughts I saw that Object really, which Fancy formed in my Dreams, so that fearfully calling out to *Fidello*, who attended me ; ' Oh, *Fidello* ?

' Dost thou not see my dearest *Desdemona*, the
' Blood streaming from her Fair Breast, now
' standing by my Bedside ? Behold, now she is
' going away out of the Door. Oh stay abused
' Innocence ! and tell me the Reason thou dost
' visit me in that dismal Posture ! Look *Fidello*
' she is gone, run and call her back again ; de-
' sire her from me to return : By all the Affec-
' tion that is between us conjure her not to deny
' my Request.

Here *Fidello* to divert these Thoughts, made me this Discourse. ' Sir, said he, When melan-
' cholly reigns predominate over a Man's Spi-
' rits, it causes a Disturbance in his Brain,
' which gives Birth to Thousands of Phan-
' tastical and Fearful Apprehensions, form'd
' from what we Fear and Fancy most. Ma-
' ny times in such Extreems Men imagine they
' meet with Ghosts ; others, that be amorous
Persons,

Persons that they court their Mistresses, enjoy
all the delicious Reception they could wish,
and the most obliging Discourse, and sweetest
Entertainment pass between them that they
hold themselves the only happy men, yet when
they go to embrace the pleasing Apparition,
they clasp nothing but the brittle Air, the spi-
rit is in continual Motion, and many times
takes a Pleasure to deceive the Senses; as for
Example, One imagine his dearest Friend is
dead, that dulls his happiness; another, that
is very Poor, dreams he possesses a Mine of
Gold, this revives his Spirits, as before a dis-
consolate Lover fancies he enjoys the lovely
Object of his Desires, this compleats his Fel-
icity, while another that's Rich, thinks he is un-
done by some Casualty; but as the mist doth
vanish before the Sun in a Summer's Morning,
so do these Phantoms when a Man comes to
consult with Reason; it rather increases their
Misery, and adds to their Felicity; the one
being a bitter Potion to make the Happiness
taste the sweeter, and the other a deceitful
sweet, that makes their Miseries relish more
bitter; this Sir, I hope in good Time will be
manifested in you, since we that inhabit this
Isle, always take these Illusions and Dreams in
their contraries, and apply them accordingly
when a better Consideration takes Place; as
the Story that is related of a poor Fisherman
of this Island, who drying his Nets on a steep
Rock, fell asleep, and in his sleep dreamed he
was a King, overjoy'd with so great a Felicity
he rises, and in this Extasy of Spirit fell a
Dancing, so coming near the side of the Rock
he falls down, and ends his Joys in a moment,

it

‘ it is good to take warning by others Harms,
 ‘ not to let the Suggestion of a feigned Appa-
 ‘ rition ruin the Hopes of a real; *Desdemona* re-
 ‘ mains entirely yours, and and may bind her so
 ‘ by tying that inviolable Knot of Matrimony
 ‘ which you have already fastened by so many
 ‘ Vows; since *Artemesia* is dead there is no
 ‘ obstruction can hinder you from giving her
 ‘ Satisfaction, and yourself Content.

Here *Fidelio* ended his Discourse, when I
 embraced him in my Arms, saying, O my
 Friend! I am willing to believe whatever
 thou hast related unto me, could it contain
 less of Truth; for the only happiness wretch-
 ed Men receive is, when pleasantly they de-
 ceive themselves of what they desire. I should
 wish no greater happiness were *Desdemona*
 still among the Living. I would cease to ex-
 pect and aspire to any greater Hope if I could
 once more embrace her in my Arms, and re-
 pose this weary and disturbed Head in her
 Bosom; it would prove a Corrosive to the
 greatest of my Disasters. To morrow, my
Fidelio, I will put thee to the Trouble once
 more to deliver me a Letter to *Desdemona*,
 in the mean time I will endeavour, together
 with thee, to take a little Rest.

Night had no sooner fled away at Day's ap-
 proach, and the Sun had given notice of his ris-
 ing to adorn the Day, but I left my weary bed
 to consider how to write something wherein I
 might oblige *Desdemona* to be less offended with
 my Infidelity, so that taking Pen, Ink and Paper,
 I wrote to this Effect.

Almeria

Almerin to Desdemona.

My dearest Heart,

TO put thee out of Doubt of the Constancy of my Affections, altho' Necessity compell'd me to an inforced Marriage, yet I know not how to repair the Fault, nor give thee a real Manifestation of my Love, but by destroying the Cause that gave us this Disturbance; know then my Dear, that to enjoy thy Love, and to give thee an Example of the Integrity of my Heart, I have given my Wife *Artemesia* a Portion that hath carried her to her long Home; and what rests there now but what I do thee Right and Equity, according to my vows, if you dare permit me to that Priviledge and Felicity, and give new Life to one that daily dies for you. Send my Pardon signed from your fair Mouth by this Messenger, in the Expectation of which I shall look to Remain miserable or happy, If you burn this Letter, the Thoughts of any future Danger is past; for I would not commit the Secrets of my Life to any but *Desdemona*, since it was only she alone that can dispose of

Almerin

I had no sooner ended my Letter, and fairly sealed it up with an Intention to deliver it to *Fidelio*, but I can't tell what horrid fate prompts me to the contrary, to go myself in Person, alledging that my Presence would procure more in *Desdemona's* Breast, than my Letter could; that my Fearfulness would seem Guilty: In fine these thoughts fled my former Resolutions, I

had

had scarce ended this Contest in my Spirit, but I heard my Father and Mother coming up to visit me and inquire of my Health, they no sooner knock'd at my Chamber Door, but hastily taking up my Letter, I put it in my Pocket, calling to *Fidello* to open the Door; which he had no sooner perform'd, but they gave me the Good-morrow. intimating how much satisfy'd they were to see me in so different a Temper and Condition from what I was the last Night, they sat down, where we had much Discourse, too long here to relate. That Day they dined with me in my Chamber, And after many usual Kindnesses, such as Parents confer on their dearest Children, were bestowed on me, they bid me Farewell, and so left me; they were scarce out of Sight, but I began to make me ready to visit *Desdemona*. I went away accompany'd with *Fidello*, towards her Father's House, but we had no sooner, with our hasty Steps, lessened the way and distance which separated us, but behold, I saw a Coffin cover'd with black, adorned with a Garland of dainty Flowers laid on the top, the Hearse was supported and carried by four young Men, and six beautiful Maidens accompanied them, each holding a part of the Hearsecloth, wherein they did intimate and silently speak their willingness to do something obliging, it being the last Service they could perform to the Body of this poor departed Virgin; the Company were all covered with a Sable Black, their Pace silent and slow, bent towards the Great Temple of the City. This Sight began to freeze and chill my warm Blood; and that which gave suspicion to my Fears was, because I saw them come out of

Philaster's

Philaster's House; to confirm me that I was not in an Error, I saw the Corpse followed by the old Knight and his Lady, who bedew'd his Snow white Beard with Tears, which his Lady did water her aged Cheeks with the same Liquor; both paid the Tribute, exceeding the Custom Men usually pay to Nature: their Tears, Countenance and Actions were suitable, did declare them to be in the Bitterness of Sorrow, and plung'd in the Depth of Woe.

I had accompany'd them to the Temple, had not my earnest desire I had to be resolve of the worst, prompted me to the contrary, and persuaded me to go to the House to be truly satisfy'd of my Fears. We soon came to the Door, and having knock'd, were met by a Servant of the House, who did know me since I did first use to frequent the House; and being acquainted with the Respect his Lord and Lady usually paid me when I met thither, requested me to come in; where being entered I asked for the Kt. and his Lady, not taking Notice that I had seen 'em, also for *Desdemona*; to which he gave me a piteous look, letting drop from his Eyes many Tears. ' Sir, said he, you come in a time to
 ' see us bury'd in Woe, and to behold us over-
 ' charged with Sorrow; for about 4 Days ago,
 ' after my Mistress *Desdemona* had pined her
 ' Body with an inward Grief, and given to
 ' Sorrow the full Reins and whole Possession in
 ' her Breast, she kept the Occasion so secret that
 ' her indulgent Parents knew not how to pro-
 ' vide her a Remedy, or to apply a Comfort;
 ' Sorrow was painted in her Looks in so lovely
 ' a Character, and Grief had so sweet an Im-
 ' pression there, that it would persuade Sadness

in the most Mirthful Jocund Beholders. She would tell so many pretty Stories of Love, and of the Uconstancy of Men, and pronounce them with so sweet, yet so Mournful an Action and Accent of Voice and Gesture, that she never ended but she left the Auditors with Tears in their Eyes.

This Day is five Days since, when her Spirits being over come with Grief, and her Senses over charged with Melancholly, she fell into Despair, and walking out as if she would recreate herself in the Garden, she retires herself into a House of Pleasure, there privately situated, where imitating the Roman Dame *Lucretia*, with a fatal Dagger she wounds herself to the Heart.

She was soon miss'd by her Parents but being seen by the Servants to walk into the Garden, she was soon followed; but after they had search'd every private Walk and Alley in the Garden, and sought for her in every Thicket and shady Grove, and we could receive no Tidings, one of the Servants bethinks himself and runs hastily up to this House, where the first Object he cast his Eyes on was this Spectacle of Pity; he runs down again amazed, making a lamentable Cry, saying, Oh Sirs! *Desdemona* hath slain herself in the Garden House, and yet retains the bloody Weapon in her Hand; which was no sooner heard, but they all began to bemoan her with a loud and grievous Noise, which was soon overheard by her Parents, but before they came she was dead, no sooner was her Breath departed out of her Body but she was convey'd in, and Surgeons sent for to Embalm her Body, whilst her Parents went a new to lament, uttering grievous

grievous Exclamations against the Person, which had been the Original Cause of their Sorrows, by being the Author of the Death of their Child, vowing a severe Revenge if ever they came to the Knowledge of the Author; thus they have spent the Day and Night in Sorrow, not admitting one Minutes Rest in permitting the least Cessation to their Grievs, till this Day accompanied with all their Friends, in a solemn manner they perform their Obsequies and convey her Body to the Temple, to set in the Vault of her Ancestors. This Sir, is the Reason they are now from Home, and not here, to give you such Entertainment as befits and is due to his Worthiness. "

Having ended his Discourse to my Amazement, I desired he would conduct me into the Garden, to the Place where *Desdemona* acted this Tragick Scene and Castrophe of her Life; he returned me no Answer, but leading the way, we followed him till he brought us to the Place where so unfortunately she yielded up her last Breath; here my Amazement was above what I can express when I saw this was the same House, where so safely I first deceived and robb'd *Desdemona* of that Jewel which had proved the main Cause of her Death; now the Apparition I saw the last Night came bleeding fresh in my Memory, all my Crimes presented themselves in their own Colours; for which my Conscience bids me expect no other but a fulfilling of Murdered *Artemesia* Sentence; here I could not refrain from letting fall a Flood of Tears to the remembrance of one whom once

I loved so dear; when we left the Room, and begun to make a turn or two in the Alleys, where the Memory of *Desdemona* begat new Griefs in my Soul, and fresh Sluices from my Eyes, and fearing the Servants might gather some Suspicion from my too deep Concernments, I drew out my Handkerchief to wipe away those rebellious Tears I could not restrain; and not being willing any longer to remain in so doleful Place, I took my Farewell of the Servant, desiring him to tell his Master I would wait on him some other time when his Sorrow would better admit of a visit, so I left the House in such an ill Composure of Body, and Disturbance of Spirit, as ever tormented a poor afflicted Soul! At this time I had given a Period to my Life, had I not been restrain'd by *Fidelio*, who by Intreaties desired me to preserve my Life, yet could give me no Comforts or Reasons why I should prolong it, unless it were to add to my Miseries.

When we were come Home, I betook me to my Chamber, casting myself on the Bed: 'And to what End, *Fidelio*, (said I) should I secure this miserable part of Life that remains, *Desdemona* is dead, and who would woe Death that sees her so much approve of it? Why shall I stay behind, *Fidelio*! Let me go and ask her Pardon, and seek in the Blessed shades: Now *Fidelio*, what thinkest thou? Where the Apparitions real and feign'd I did behold, or Illusions or Fancies, as thou wouldst make me believe? Now Experience and Reason tells me it was the lovely Ghosts of my dearest *Desdemona*, which came to accuse me of Perjury? Oh miserable Man! wretched Life! When wilt thou have an End?

Now

Now I began to grow an Object of Heaven's Justice; I was defiled with Murther and Perjury; the first called for a speedy Revenge; for the other Sins only speak, Murther shrieks out, the Element of Water moistens the Earth, but Blood flies upwards and bedews the Heavens, which makes strict Enquiry, and severe Inquisition for Blood, and Triumphs in their Revengers; their curious search soon found me out to make me an example of their Vengeance; there is nothing that is done ne'er so privately that can be hid from their sight; the darkest Night cannot blind them, nor the craftiest Mortals deceive them; were Sin committed in the bottom of the Ocean, there they would behold them; whither then can a poor Sinner fly to avoid their Justice? If they should fly to Heaven they are there; if to the Vaults below there they will likewise find 'em out.

For as I was reposing myself on my Bed, suddenly and unexpectedly our house was surrounded with armed Men. my Chamber Doors broke open, my Body seiz'd on, and taken Prisoner; being thus surpriz'd I demanded the Cause, and what Authority they did it; to which one returned me this sharp Answer, their Authority they had from the King, which I must obey, and the Occasion the Death of your late Married Wife of *Artemesia*, Daughter to the Earl of *Palerino*, suppos'd to be poysoned by you; with a Suspicion which is conceived of you that you are the Author and Cause of the Death of *Desdemona*. Daughter and only Child to an aged Kt. of this City, call'd *Philaster*; these are the Crimes objecting against you to which you must

answer ; in the mean time you must yield Obedience to our Power, and immediately go along with us: This said they laid Hands on me, and speedily hurried me out of my Chamber to convey me to a Prison ; but we had not shortn'd half the Way between my Father's House and the City Goal, but by the shine of the Moon, we might discern a Troop of Horse, and perceive a small Company of Foot, which in a void place of the City began to compass us about, which my Guard no sooner described but they began to cry out *a Rescue, a Rescue*, but their Voices were soon stop'd by the Horsemen which over-ran them, and the Foot-men that bravely assailed them ; so that in a Moment I saw my Guard dispersed, my self free, and bravely mounted on a fresh Horse, whilst I was wondering and musing at the strangeness of this Rescue, I saw one make towards me, which I presently knew to be Fidellio: Sir, said he to me, Cease your Amazement, and follow this Guard with speed, for every Moment you stay here will be dangerous, and they will safely convey you to the Water-side, where a Vessel attends you, provided by your Father from whom, by my timely Notice, came also this Guard, for he now repents him of his Obstinacy, which occasioned these Evils, for which you were accused, fearing you are too much guilty to stand in Justification of yourself, and your Crimes too notorious to abide a Trial ; and therefore being unwilling to leave you to the Mercies and Severities of Law, that himself first brought into Danger, waits for you at the Water side, with some other Company.

Being

Being conducted to the Vessel, and the Wind blowing fair so that we left *Syracuse* far a stern, and in a few Hours after wholly lost the sight of the Island of *Sicilia*; the Gale continuing still fair we gained a Ken of the Isle of *Malto*, where we did not land, but continuing our Course almost three Days we gained a View of the main Continent of *Africa*; and about the Evening of the third Day we anchored before the mighty City of *Carthage*, the Rival of the Roman Empire, between them as yet Fortune had left it uncertain and undoubtful which should gain Precedency, and continue Masters of all the then known World, since their Forces were equal, and their Valour not much different, so that Fate had left it to be decided by the various Chances of War.

Here we landed and provided ourselves of all Necessaries, as well Offensive as Defensive, and all other things needful, which our so hasty parting from *Syracuse* would not permit us to provide and furnish our selves withal: we lay there one whole Day, and then going aboard we weigh'd Anchor, and hoisted Sail, and so made off to Sea; where our Intentions were to Cruze about, in Expectation meet with some Vessels that came lately from *Syracuse*, of whom we might inquire Tidings of what we all did so passionately desire to know.

It was now 7 Days since we parted from *Sy-cilia*, and two since we left the Coast of *Africa*, about the time of the Day when the Sun begins to decline towards the West, when a Boy that stood Centinel on the Top-mast Head suddenly cried out *A Sail, a Sail*; being demanded from

whence she steer'd her Course? He returned answer from *Sicillia*. This began to augment my ardent desire I had to have News from *Syracuse*, so that I gave Commands to the Pilot to steer his Course to her, which he had no sooner performed, but the Boy called out again, saying, Prepare for your Defence, for this Vessel bears to us with all speed for an Assault. He had scarce ended these Words, but our Eyes did give us proof they were fit for a present Fight.

This fight caused them to forget the Concernments of others, and to think on nothing so much as to provide for their own safety; yet they agreed with one accord cheerfully to make good their Defence, and manfully to guard themselves; we had hardly made our Preparations for a Resistance, but we saw this Vessel with great Dexterity and Agility ready to Board us on the Weather side; their Revelins in a Moment were ready to grapple with our Tessel; in the Performance of which we received a brave assault, and they as gallant a Repulse; our Archers scarce sent an Arrow in vain, neither did their's slack their Duty; the Fight continued sharp while we lay off the one from the other; but when in spite of our best Endeavours, they grappled our Vessels together, and then we came to Hand-blows, the Fight become dreadful and bloody on both sides; we were hardly fastned the one to the other but I heard him that seemed to be Captain of the Vessel say these Words to his Soldiers, 'Arm yourselves with Courage, *Noble Hearts*, and let the King of *Sicilia* know you are Valiant; we are not mistaken; see Fortune hath presented the Murtheorus Villain an Object to our Eyes, and

‘ and brought him a Sacrifice to our just Re-
 ‘ sentiments ; now let the Innocent Deaths of
 ‘ *Artemesia* and *Desdemona* sharpen your Swords
 ‘ for a just Revenge, and let their sorrowful Pa-
 ‘ rents see your Fidelity and Interest you take
 ‘ in their Wrongs, when you present them with
 ‘ the Head of their Mortal Enemy,

When I did hear that *Artemesia* once named, I
 did guess of their Business ; but I think the Na-
 tur of all Men is such, that if they be wicked,
 yet they cannot bear to be exclaimed against ;
 and though I was guilty of all that was bad,
 yet I could not with Patience receive the Nick-
 names of Villain and Murtherer ; my Life was
 a Thing so wretched, and by me so little mind-
 ed, that I should not have given one mite for
 loss of that I did not desire to preserve ; yet the
 great promise this Fellow made of my Head,
 made me resolve not to part from it friendly to
 my Enemies, at such a time when I was in good
 Capacity to defend it ; this raised my Anger to
 make a stout Resistance, and his Oration caused
 his Soldiers to assail us with greater Courage ;
 now the Fight began to be at the highest,
 and a great Number of Men was slain on both
 sides, this Battle was fought till the Sun began
 to bid good night to our Horizon, leaving this
 upper World in Darkness ; yet Fortune had
 left it doubtless to which side she would incline ;
 when we were pressed by our Enemies, with
 so much Force and Vigour that my Men were
 forced to retire, whilst they furiously moun-
 ted our Vessel ; here I exposed myself to cer-
 tain Dangers, very willing to part with Life so I
 could have lost it nobly in resisting my Enemies ;
 but Death flies them that seek him, and intrudes

on such as desire his Absence ; as I was desperately braving the utmost Danger, I met and engag'd with their Commander, so greedily we combated one with another, and with so much desire endeavour'd the Ruin of each other, that it was no wonder Fortune made haste to determine of the End, many a cruel Blow was exchanging'd, till at last I push'd my Enemy so closely, and redoubled my Blows with so much Violence, that directing a Blow which fell on his Head with my greatest force, it parted it in two, so that he fell down sprawling on the Deck ; thus he which had so confidently disposed of my Head, could not secure his own from my Sword.

This Sight began to abate the Courage of our Enemies, and to revive the Spirits of my almost vanquish'd Men ; for returning upon our despairing Enemies with a greater Force than at first, they made a mighty Slaughter ; and having dispatch'd all those in our own Vessels, with great speed, we boarded our Enemies, so that the Offensive were now become the Defensive, and performed their Parts so ill in maintaining it, that we soon became Conquerors of the other Ships, committing all the Souls to the Places appointed for their Deserts, where the Spirits of all Men are rewarded according to their Merits ; the dead Bodies of our Men and also of our Enemies, we cast over-board into the Sea.

The Night became extream dark, not one Star appeared in the Firmament, as if they had disdain'd to behold so bloody a Tragedy, so that we were forced to strike up Lights, the better to see to clear our Vessels of the Dead Carcasses, my
self

self with a Torch in my Hand went to behold the Slain in the Enemies Vessel, where the Soldiers the Tempest of their Revenge being not yet stilled, without pity cast as well the Wounded as the Dead out of the Vessel, when their Wounds, Miseries, Intreaties, Prayers, nor dismal Moan, could perswade them to Mercy.

Among many that were thus used, one of them whom my Men had taken up in their Arms ready to cast him away into the Billows of the raging Ocean, cried out, ' O Sirs! Spare me one Moment and bring me to your Commander, to whom I shall relate such Secrets as he is as yet Ignorant of; ' this had not preserved his Life if I had not given a speedy command to the Soldiers to hold their Hand, and running with their Lights I came also with mine, for to see if I knew him, but his Blood had so disfigured him as I could gather no certain Knowledge that I had ever seen him before; which the wounded Man seeing with a mournful and low Voice, uttered these Words, Sir, said he, you knew my Master *Phylaster*, when you seem'd so much concern'd in the Relation I made you of the woeful Death of my Mistress *Desdemona*; he had scarce ended these Words, but through Weakness he sunk down in the Arms of the Men that supported him. I commanded he should be conveyed away to a Cabbin with speed, and that my own Surgeon should carefully dress his Wounds; all which was as soon performed as commanded; my Gratitude to the poor Man required thus much. But I had other sound Reasons induced me to preserve his Life, if possible, since it was only from him, now all his Companions was Dead I did

did not look for a true Relation and Intelligence how my Affairs stood affected in *Syracuse*. As my own Interest required his safety, yet for *Desdemona's* sake, whose Remembrance I did prefer above my Life, considering he was once hers, I could do no other but esteem of him highly, and thank Fortune, who had offered me this Opportunity that I might in some measure express the Kindness I did yet retain for his Mistress, and my dear *Desdemona*.

After we had cleansed our Enemies Vessel, it being the strongest built, and Boring Holes in the Bottom of the forsaken Vessel, we sunk it in the Sea, which being performed, we hoisted Sails, directing our Course towards the City *Algiers* in *Barbary*, so that it was about the Hour of Two in the Morning when I betook myself to my Cabbin to have my Wounds dress'd I had received in the last Fight; when the Surgeon had searched them, he assured me none of them were Mortal.

Thus such as desperately seem regardless of their Lives, by a slight of Fortune preserve them; what should occasion it I cannot tell; if it be not that reasonable Men fly such as imprudently and lavishly cast away their Lives, esteeming them mad or frantick that so inconsiderately endanger themselves; or else Fortune and Victory, which be always Friends to Bold and Resolute Men, and assist resolute Spirits in their confident Enterprizes, have agreed with Nature, who has planted a timorous Fear in the Hearts of Man when he is assaulted above his Expectations, and see Wonders acted beyond his Capacity or Thoughts is daunted, being so suddenly surprized, their bold Assailer gives them

them not time to recollect their Thoughts, but presses more fierce and desperately on them, that they stand gazing like Men Metamorphos'd, not having the Courage to defend themselves, nor scarce to run away to preserve their Lives, such Advantage seems to wait on Resolute Spirits, that their Enemies are charm'd, and when they meet a Spirit above their own, like all Men, they yield Precedency, and obey the greater, yielding Obedience to them as to their Superiors; Victory as it were, hovering her Wings over their Heads, to fright their Enemies, and to preserve them safe.

But I dare not ascribe my Fortune to such a Cause, I fear just Heavens have preserved me from such small Danger for my greater Misfortunes, to make me a more ample Example of their Justice; for methinks Sleeping or Waking I hear poor *Artemesia* sounding that dreadful Sentence in my Ears, (that when I seek death, it should fly me, and when I would desire to keep it, I should be suddenly cut off) and I greatly fear the Issue, since that after *Artemesia's* death; and lastly, of my dearest *Desdemona*, I did always esteem my Life as of a Thing not worth preserving, being a Commodity I was always willing to part with, since my Heart told me I could expect no Comfort, now all my Felicity was vanished away in the Original Cause, from whence it first received its Birth, and afterwards the Fewel that did preserve it.

But, now Madam, (said he) turning his Face towards *Cynthia*, I begin to find contrary Effects working in my Spirits since I have been so fortunate to have you in my Custody, so that I begin now to prize my Life at its true Value and
Worth

Worth, and did never truly desire to live again until this Moment; I pray Heaven my Prophetic Fears be not Presages and Forerunners of the Dangers which are related shall happen unto me.

Here *Almerin* proceeded forwards in relating the misfortunes of his Life, whilst fair *Cynthia* could not refrain from spending some Tears out of the Treasury of her own Misfortunes in Pity to the unfortunate Loss of lovely, yet miserable *Desdemona*. Madam, said he, after my Wounds were dress'd I betook myself to my Bed, but not before I had enquired of the Health and Condition the Prisoner was in; the Surgeon having assured me of his Life, I did endeavour myself to take a little Rest, after so much Pain and Toil.

Long wim'd for Day at last appeared, and *Phoebus* with his Glorious Rays cast a resplendent Lustre on the Face of the Water, when I arose from my weary Bed, my Wounds permitting me, and my Desires perswading and calling on me, to the Chamber of the Wounded Man, from whose Mouth I did not expect to hear the Sentence and Period of my Miseries, or to receive some little Comfort to sweeten my Calamities; after I had been assured by my Surgeon that he was in a Capacity to be visited, I cannot say whether my Resolutions, or the Performance, were soonest put in Action, since hardly was the one conceiv'd, but the other received Birth, such speedy Execution always attends on things of this Nature, that nothing can without Repugnance make a demur to defer it; I went, but indeed accompanied with such Fears as forbidden Lovers are possessed with

with when they go to pay their unwelcome Oolations to the Goddels they adore, who fear to ask, fearing to be refused ; being come to his Cabbin, and inquiring of his Health, such gratulations having pass'd between us as are common and familiar to be used to one in such Extremity, I bespake him in this manner : My Friend, you may guess it is somewhat extraordinary, that would not admit of delay, which hath made me so soon venture forth to give you this untimely Visit, which is dangerous to myself, and troublesome to you ; Fortune has obliged me, in the midst of all my Miseries, in making me the preserver of one which sometime was *Desdemona's*, Love to her perswaded me to be thus tender of your Welfare ; but I have other Business of Consequence which drew me hither, and would ill agree to be deferr'd to a longer time ; it is the Welfare of my Father and Mother, by whose Intreaty I left *Syracuse*, leaving them engaged at the Moment of my departure in a fearful Skirmish ; Nature perswades and my Fears thrust me forwards, to receive some Satisfaction from your Intelligence.

The wounded Man raising himself up in his Bed casting his Eyes on me with a downcast and mournful Mood, with a weak Voice he uttered these Words. Sir, I should ill requite you for the gratuity of my Life to give you a Relation that will add to your Torments ; and it had been far better your Soldiers had cast me into the Sea, than that the Remainders of this woeful Life being preserved, should endeavour to put a Period to yours, leave this fatal News to be discovered by time, and let not
your

your Curiosity unto you, I feel my Life growing towards an End, and all that is Man about me begins to decay; let not the last Fragments of my Life be a Medicine to procure your disquiet, rather than the Repose you expect. Here he continued silent, expecting my Reply, so that I return'd him this Answer. Let not any concerns of mine defer your Relation; for Dangers and Misfortunes are become so familiar unto me, that the strangeness is no Novelty, nor the Bug bears are not horrid enough to frighten me; I am armed against the worst Effects of Fortune that you can relate has befallen me; there is nothing now can make me more Miserable than I am already, by the last Discourse of the lamentable Loss of my dearest *Desdemona*.

Sir, reply'd he, these be the Effects and Symptoms of a noble mind, to bear with Adversity as well as Prosperity; that can welcome Misfortunes as well as Felicities; that is not Ambitious in his Happiness, or despairing in his Miseries, but wisely yields to what he cannot shun; seeing I have found you in this Temper I shall make no farther scruple to satisfy your request, Sir, you may understand, that you had scarcely pass'd the Threshold of my Master's Door, but he and his Lady come Home, accompany'd only with some few of their Friends, the rest having perished from them at the Grave; and these stay'd not long, but comforting them in the best Wise they might, urging Patience as the best Remedy to cure their Miseries they soon left them to return to their several Places of Abode. Now being destitute of all that could disturb them, they became their own disturbers,

stirbers, and being alone, they had a more ample Opportunity, to discover the true value of what they had lost; they began now to consider they had lost the Light of their Eyes, the Staff of their Age, and the Glory of their House, in a Moment when they did least expect it: and that she did not die by Age, or Sickness, or any Disease incident to Mankind, but that she was torn away out of their Arms in the Flower of her Youth and Beauty.

Here they let fall a shower of Briney Tears, bedewing the place where they sat, and filling the Room with the Eccho of their Complaints. When that Storm of Grief was something allay'd, they went Hand in Hand into the Garden, and from thence unto the House of Pleasure there situated, and the same where *Desdemona* performed the last Violence on herself; their Intention, as far as I could guess being to spend the remainder of those Tears they had yet left in the same Place, where their dearest Daughter had expired; they had newly seated themselves, and began with great freedom to vent their sorrows, which sat so heavy upon their Hearts, out of the Floodgates of their Eyes, the Place well suiting to accompany them in their Woes, as they continu'd in this grievous Excess of Misery, a little Spaniel Dog, which always us'd to follow him, and in whom, before he was taken up with Sorrow, he us'd to take great Delight, had been searching and hunting up and down the Walks, and young Springs and Thickets in the Garden, and at last came up into the House, and after he had before them wantonly play'd with a Paper, which he had brought in his Mouth, as his usual Customs were to carry

carry all things he found to his Master, at last he brought this, where he stood frisking his Tail, as willing his Master to receive, and make much of him for what he had brought him; but because it was common with him daily to do as much, they neglected him as a Thing of no Concernment; when the Dog saw he had not that Welcome he used to receive, he leaped up with his Paws on his Master, making a kind of a howling Noise, and holding up the Paper towards him in his Mouth; this Action made my Master something more Attentive; and as he would have thrust him from him, looking something nearer on the Paper that the Dog still held in his Mouth, he discovered it to be a Letter fairly folded and sealed up, which he no sooner did perceive, but he took it out of his Mouth. After he had looked on the Letter, and saw the Directions to *Desdemona*, he shewed it to his Lady, and both of them deferring their Sorrows for a small time, they opened the Letter, wherein they found not only Likelihood and Suspicion, but certain Assurance, that you had been the only Cause, and none else beside, of all their Misfortunes; that you had Prisoned your Married Wife *Artemesiu*; and although not actually, yet yourself was the Chief in the Tragedy of *Desdemona*; I need not tell you what it contained, since it was written by yourself, and signed with your own Hand, being sealed with your Signet at Arms.

At the Period of this (said *Almeria* to *Cynthia*, who gave earnest Attention to his discourse) the Wounded Man growing faint, deferred his Relation for a small time. Now to my Cost I began to see how Heaven glories in divulging
the

the Faults and Crimes of Offenders ; and lest we should ascribe and refer the revealing of them to common Causes, see they make a poor Spaniel Dog the Instrument of my Discovery ; thus the most neglected and forgotten Things they many times make Executors of their Will, lest Men should say such things came by Fortune, and such by chance ; but in this example we may behold the immediate Hand of Heaven made manifest to our Capacity ; as for my Letter, since the time my Resolutions were altered concerning the sending of it, as I have formerly related unto you, my Father and Mother coming in accidentally to visit me the Morning of the same Day that I saw *Desdemona* afterwards convey'd to the Temple, fearing then they might have surpriz'd me, in what I did endeavour to make a Secret to them, I put it hastily into my Pocket, to conceal it, not once minding or thinking on the securing of that which did so much concern the Safety of my Life. Afterwards when I came to *Desdemona's* Father's House, where this Man gave me the whole Particulars of her Death ; which when I had heard, leaving *Fidelio* and him together, I went into one of the most secret Alleys in the Garden, that I might give my Griefs unseen the greater Current ; where I drew out my Handkerchief to wipe of the wandering Tears that issued from my Eyes, and at that fatal Moment, as far as I may conceive by Conjectures, with that I drew out the letter, so that my repentance and sorrow turn'd to my greater Rebuke and Punishment.

The Man proceeded forwards in his Relation (saying) After that they both understood by your Letter that you were the only Author of all the

the Calamities that had befallen them, they left off to grieve, and began now only to think of Revenge, which would be more acceptable to the injured Spirit of *Desdemona* than their fruitless Tears. Now Revenge reigned Supreme in their Thoughts; my Master, as if his youth had been renewed at the Sight of your Letter, leaving his Lady at home, ran nimbly to the Judges of Criminal Causes, where producing the Letter, they with all Diligence let him have Power and Authority to apprehend you; to this end and purpose the Corrigedor was strongly assisted with many of my Master's Friends, where they seized you in your Father's House, and by your Father's Order you were again rescued, and conveyed to the Water-side, where you escaped away; your Escape being made good by your Father, a strong party of Men assaulted him, which were Friends to my Master, and he making good his Defence was there slain; scarce was he fallen but the Garrison of the City came in, having notice from your Servant which you left with him with what unequal Odds he was assaulted; immediately they encompassed them in with all their Forces, destroying all of them, leaving not a Man alive, so cruelly Revenging them for the Death of their Commander they so dearly affected; your Servant being over-cast, and too forward in his Revenge for his Master's Death, unhappily was slain on the Place; your Mother was conveyed in a deadly Trance Home to her own House, where for very Grief for the Death of her Husband, and the loss of you, she in a few Hours died.

Day

Day at last appeared, yet blushing to behold the Catastrophe of so fatal a Tragedy, where the Streets lay covered with Blood and dismembered Men; Fame soon carried tidings of this Tumult and Disturbance to King *Tascredus*, who sojourn'd then with the Earl of *Palermo*, who from my Master hearing the certain Cause of his Daughter's Death provoking the King to a speedy Revenge, so that with all Expedition he returned to *Syracuse*, where his Presence quitted the Remains of any further Stirs, there was diligent Enquiry made to discover you, but hearing you were gone, he sent many Vessels in pursuit of you amongst many that were sent forth, the Earl of *Palermo* and my Master sent out this we are now in, at their own Charge, manning it with their own Servants, thinking their Interest would oblige them to revenge their Injuries more fully, promising great Rewards to us all if we could secure you Alive, or if Dead, to produce your Head; in the mean time our Vessel was Rigging, and making ready to put forth to Sea, your Father and Mother were both solemnly Interr'd in the great Temple of the City. Soon after we put to Sea, and in two Days time had the ill Fortune to meet with you, what then happened is Bleeding fresh in Memory, and therefore needs no Rehearsal; all that I know I have related unto you, which will be Caution enough I hope to persuade you forth of these narrow Seas, if you do prize your Life, and the Lives of these Men that accompany us, since there is no Harbour on the *African* Shore will secure you; for *Sicilia* being under the Government of the *Carthaginians* the Senate will not deny *Sacredus* Things of greater

greater Consequence that the delivering of you up into his Hands, and to fly to the *Romans* is both dangerous and perilous, since it is difficult, the Seas being beset for you, that you can't pass without discovery; I find Death taking Possession of my mortal Body and Soul, which is but a Tenant at Will ready to leave his Habitation; let not the last remainders of this Life, to which you have shown so much kindness, be an occasion to destroy yours; that I may in some sort die free from the obligation I stand indebted unto you in, I desire you to live; but I hold it better for me to die than to see so many Miseries acted over afresh again as I have been Spectator of; I feel Death seizing on me. Oh! whether am I going? To strange and unknown Shades, from whence none yet ever returned back again to give a Description, but whatever it be, it is a Resting-place for Innocency, then farewell restless World, I shall find that there I could never find in thee. He pronounced these last Words imperfectly, and giving a grievous Groan he soon gave up the Ghost.

I no sooner saw him departed away, but drawing my Sword intending to have Pierced my Heart, but being perceived by some Officers of the Ship, which were present at this Relation, suddenly they refrained me from being my own Murtheier, and by Force taking my Sword from me, they conveyed me to the Cobbin, as a frantick and desperate Man; but first removing from thence all Things wherein there lay any Thought of Danger, appointing my Physician, and Four Men besides to attend me; and gathering together in Council they agreed to steer their Course towards the Kingdom of
Norway,

Norway, the rather because they had heard that my Grandfather was a Man of great Repute in those Part; and for that Reason they did all concur, like the Heart of one Man, in their Resolves and Opinions of going thither. Away we went forth of the Mediterranean Sea, passed the *Streights of Gibraltar*, or *Hercules Pillars*, touching at the Isle of *Cadiz*, and taking in fresh Water and Victuals needful for so long a Voyage, we left the *African Shore* astern, and sailed away due North; when I came something better to myself I could not much gainsay or disapprove what they had done, since I had nothing could detain or perswade my return to *Syracuse*, since all my Joys were vanished in the Loss of *Desdemona*, and my dear Parents.

It would be too tedious to give you a Relation over what Seas we pass'd, and how many dangers we escap'd, sailing over mighty Waters where the Waves like Mountains did almost lift us up to the Skies, and then again to cast us into a Valley like the Jaws of Death, so that the Death we did fly from did seem to meet us, and that which we would have shunn'd began to overtake us; but by Heavens Ordinance, which would not permit my wretched Life should so end, we escaped these fearful and dreadful Dangers, and were preserved free from Shipwreck, where every Wave threatned Ruin, and every Storm Destruction, so that at last we arriv'd safely at ————— where casting forth our Anchors, and furling our Sails, we went ashore, where we soon found the great Alteration of the Climate.

Here

Here was I accounted of a Stranger, all thought I had my Original from hence; and indeed I might well be term'd so, since the Country Customs and Manners of the People were all strange to me; and rather begat an Admiration, to see a Kingdom so very Poor, than a Hope to receive any Sustenance from them: I verily believe if King *Tancredus* and the Earl of *Palermo* had known of my being there, they would have scarce made so long and dangerous a Journey after me; so that I need not have given the King of *Norway* the Trouble to protect me in his Dominions; the very Coldness of his Country and dangerous Seas that lay betwixt *Sicilia* and this Place, were of Force enough for our Safety.

But Life alone without a Livelihood to maintain it, is a continual Death; I could not without great ingratitude leave these poor Men, who had so willingly made themselves Companions in my Misfortunes to perish in an unknown Land. We staid there about five Months, and all the Wealth I did enjoy served only to defray our Charges. Necessity began so much to straiten me, that I had nothing left wherewithal to maintain almost an Hundred Men. And nothing remained but the bare and intire Ship. What enforced me to offer it to Sale; the poor Men hanging down their Heads with the Sense of Sorrow in Expectation of their future Condition, none offered to object against the Proposal I had made, for Nature call'd to be satisfied, many Merchants residing there offered to buy it, but we could not suddenly agree of the Price.

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We were in this desperate Condition, when a strange Man or rather a Monster of a Man accosted us ; his Stature was Tall, his Body Big, proportionable to his Height' his Loos very Grim and Fierce, his Hair dangling in Curls on his Shoulder like wreath'd Snakes, his Beard long and Peak'd, his Mouth Big, his Nostrils Wide, his Nose Sharp, his Face Wrinkled, yet his Eyes darted Fire ; his Cloth was made of Bear Skins, he came towards me with a Grave and Solid Pace ; and standing still a little time first viewing me, then casting his Eyes on my Men, he thus spake, Sir, where there not Graves enough in *Sicilia*, but you must needs bring these poor Wretcher to make their Tombs in the Snow which covers all this Country ? Marvel not that I say *Sicilia*, for I can relate the deepest Secrets which occasion'd you to abandon your Country, to retire yourself of this miserable Place, where Famine is ready to seize on you all ; let your Folly proceed no farther as to make Sale of your Vessel, for with that you make of your Lives ; I know you will plead Necessity as your Excuse but that shall be suddenly remedied by me ; let, your Men go aboard your Vessel, and expect the Issue, and about the Hours of eleven and Twelve at Night sail not to meet me here exactly. This said, away he went, leaving me in Amazement at his discourse ; yet hoping the best, and desirous to see the end, I request my Men to go aboard, which accordingly they did.

The appointed Hour being come, and the time drawing near, and I accordingly attending at the Place nominated ; when after a small stayance, by the glimmering Light of the Stars, which shine very Bright in these Northern

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Parts

Parts, I could perceive one make up towards me, and when the Distance began to grow less between us, I soon discerned it to be the same Man which had ordered my being there at that Time; when he cast his Eyes on me, and saw stand there ready, without speaking one Word unto me he cast a Mantle on the Ground, bidding me remove from the Place where I stood, and stand upon it; his fearful Looks, strange Actions and Gestures, made me fear to abide the Issue, yet having not Courage enough to disobey his Commands, I went and stood upon it accordingly; which I had no sooner done, but he placed himself by me, and drawing out a Book forth his Bosom, he began to read strange Characters in an unknown Language, which I understood not; with a Wand which he had in his Hand three Times he circled the Mantle, then turning himself to the East, then to the West, then to the South, and lastly to the North, when on a sudden there arose a Tempestuous Wind, and in a Moment the Mantle began to remove off from the Ground, and nimbly to mount with us into the Air; in a few Moments we were lifted up above the sight of Earth, flying swiftly away on the Wings of the Wind, till about the Hour that *Lucifer*, that Glorious Star, did begin to appear, then the Mantle began to descend towards the Earth in a strange unknown Place, and softly seated us hard by the Mouth of a dismal Cave, he beckoned me to follow him, which accordingly I did; being entered the Cave I did behold many spacious and sumptuous Rooms richly hanged with Cloth of Arras and Tapestry: I still followed him in the midst of the Vault, where hung
a bright

a bright and shining Carbuncle, which gave a clear Light to the rest of the Rooms; all the Living Creatures I did behold passing along were many ill favoured old Women, deformed above what I can describe, or you imagine; ill-shapen, and more strangely attired; they all yielded a kind of Revenge to this Old Man as their Chief; we went through many Rooms, till at last we came into an inner Parlour, more dismal and fearful than the rest; on the Walls was painted many strange and monstrous shapes; in the midst of the Room hung Two Lamps, which gave a Blue and dim Light, from which issued a Sulphurous and stinking Stench of Brimstone; hard by the Lamps was leated a large round Table, and on the Table lay a very great Book; and by the Table stood a Chair, far above the common Size, here here he seated himself, and leaped his Head on his Right Hand about a quarter of an Hour, he was very earnest in turning over the Leaves of the Book, and at last leaving it open on the Table, he turn'd himself towards me, and bespake me thus.

Almerin of Sicilia, thou art come to purchase a Habitation in this remote Part of the World; wonder not-at what you have seen, nor at what you see, but leave your Admiration intire for the time to come, for the Days draw near at Hand when your Wealth shall exceed the Riches of *Norway*; Merchants from remote Parts shall be happy in your Favour; the time is come when Fame shall sound the Report of you in this World; for your cruelties shall make you famous. *This said, he turned the Book towards me: ' Look here, said he,*

' and behold this hugh Volume, fill'd with the
 ' Names of such Servants as I have taken in
 ' the behalf of my Lord *Lucifer*; it is no small
 ' Advantage that he designs you the honour to
 ' be one of his. *This said, he offered me Pen &
 Penknife, and a small Cup, saying, . What you*
 ' do, perform it quickly, for the Night begins
 ' to grow old, and you have many Miles to
 ' return to the Place from whence you came.

I, who then had not Reason to consider of
 the Circumstances, thinking this *Lucifer* was
 some great God, that our Forefathers did never
 know, and that he was pitiful because he com-
 miserated my woeful condition, and judging my-
 self happy in being own'd by so great a Deity,
 I made no Scruple to perform what he com-
 manded me; so that taking the Penknife, I
 opened a Vein in my left Arm, while the old
 Seignor held the Cup to receive the Blood,
 and having bled some small Quantity, stopp'd
 the Incision, and wrote according to the Pre-
 sidents of others there before me, and signed
 it with my Name, this done he delivered a bag
 of Gold into my Hands, saying. Let this suffice
 to Victual your Ship, and provide what Necessa-
 ries you are in want of; you must now turn Ro-
 ver, or in a more proper Sense, Pyrate and by
 that means raise your Fortunes on the Sea; here
 also will I give you a Treasure shall help you in
 your Need, and secure you in the midst of Dan-
 ger. Saying this he shew'd me a small Compass,
 denominating and shewing the Four Quarters of
 the World. Here, continued he, is a Jewel not
 to be valued; if you want to sail towards the East,
 you shall obtain your Desire; if you are pursued,
 sail towards the West, and you shall secure your

Retreat

Retreat; yet take this Caution with you, that you steer at such Time, according to the several Points of this Compass, and not of the known Quarters of the World, for this varies from them Rules; now what remains, but that you sit and eat what is prepared for us, and that you return again to your Vessel.

This said, he left that dismal Room, and conducted me to one of the Tables I saw covered at my first coming in, where we seated ourselves being served and attended by an ill look'd Old Woman. Having taken some small Repast, the Cloth was taken away, and for his Diversion he commanded the Old Woman to come before him, which was no sooner done, but pronouncing many strange Speeches, from the most secret Part of the Cave there was heard to proceed a bewitching and delightful Noise of sweet charming Musick; at the hearing of this the Old deformed Woman began to Dance in form, according to the Steps of the Musick, when in a Moment the sweetness changed, seeing more rude and harsh; and in the turning of a Hand, these old Hags were transformed into the shape of Wolves, still dancing after a rustick Manner; immediately the Musick altered, and they became all Metamorphosed into the shape of Lions, and by the changing of the Notes into their own Likeness again, and so continuing dancing while the Melody ceased, and then they gave over, after which the old grim Vizzir thus bespake me.

I would detain you with me longer, but the Time is short, and your Journey long, and your Men ardently expect your Return; but before you go, take this Present from my Hand; it is of no

small esteem, neither will it be of mean Use unto you; by Virtue of this Eolus shall be your Slave, and Boreas and Zephirus shall attend you, and Fortune in spight of herself shall be your Friend. This said he drew from his Bosom a small Cord knit with about One Hundred Knots: If you be calmed (continued he) undo one of these knots, and you shall have a Gale according to your Desire at all times, and on all Occasions; for my own Part I cannot accompany you back to your Vessel, but one of these shall; pointing to the Old Women.

This said we arose from the Table and went forth, where one of the Hags spread a Mantle on the Ground. I was ordered as before to stand on it, while he placed one of these horrid Monsters by my Side, which being done he takes his Book, as at first, and circling the Mantle with his Wand he bade me Farewell; mean while the Mantle arose from the Ground, and ascended aloft into the Air, so that we soon lost sight of the Cave, and parting the Air with an incredible swiftness, being carried after such a rate that in a small time we had gained the Kingdom of Norway, and the Mantle began to descend where it first took me up; I was no sooner gone off it but immediately it vanished from my sight, so that I had not a Minutes time to return Thanks for these Kindnesses so freely conferr'd on me.

The Day began now to break in the East, which forced the shades of Night to retire; (while I stood musing on the strange Passages) Aurora leap'd nimbly from watry Neptune. This sight caused me to make means to get Abroad, which I soon purchased; where coming I found my Men almost Dead with Despair; but my
return

return began to enliven and quicken their hope, and from my Countenance they began to preface of their own good Fortunes; being unwilling to keep them in suspense, I shewed them the Gold, and acquainted them on what Terms it was given; I gave them a true Rehearsal of all the Accidents that had befallen me from the Time I left them unto that present Hour: And also the Discourse of the old Man, touching myself and them; I left nothing unrevealed of all that happened, but discover'd all to a Tittle; my discourse charmed them so, that they all jointly with one Applause willingly offered to continue subject to my command, and freely to spend their Lives in my defence; I gave them many Thanks for their Affection formerly shewed, and their Kindnesses still continued towards me, and distributing to every Man a Piece of Gold, I kept the residue to provide Necessaries for the Ship; we all went ashore, merrily Frolicking out the ensuing Day; all of them banishing their Fears, began to grow Sprightly and Lively, like many Flowers that in the Absence of the Sun drop their Heads, and at its return received new Life. From this new Hope they received fresh Courage; and they that not an Hour before had not Valour enough to defend themselves with the thought of what they had, and the Hope and Expectation of what they might have, became confident and resolute; so that the greatest impossibilities became easy, and the greatest Difficulties possible to be overcome by 'em. The next Day towards the Evening we weighed Anchor, and loosed the Sails, which had lain a long time furled up; letting fly our Colours, away we went, leaving the

'City of ——— at our Backs; and how to Experience my Compass we steer'd towards the East accordingly, and being impatient to prove the Trial of my Knots, I loosed one, and upon a sudden there arose a stiff Gale of Wind, which forced our Ship forwards with such speed, that with our Canvas Wings it rather seemed to Fly than to Sail; thus we spent the greatest part of the Night, thinking it to be long and tedious, because it doth so much defer our Expectations of the ensuing Day. Long-wish'd for Day at last appeared, so that we might discern on our Lar board side a very Stately Ship sailing along; at this sight we altered our Course, and made up to it with speed, and storm'd it with our Arrows, but found so small a Resistance that we soon Boarded the Ship, making Prize of all, as well Ship as Lading. We followed the same Course we formerly steer'd by the Directions of the Compass; in a few hours sail we took two Ships more, both richly laden, and cast all the Souls over-board, as we did the first; this was our Custom for a while, lest by preserving them we had ruined ourselves, by the Intelligence they might have given to the King of that Country, unto whom they did belong, and persuade them to a Revenge while we were yet in our Infancy of Rising and so have rooted us up, and frustrated our Intentions; thus securely we began to lay a good Foundation, and Hopes of becoming greater on the Ruin of others, till we grew to a Capacity to make Opposition 'gainst the strongest Enemy that durst disturb us. Why Madam need I enlarge myself on Particulars of this Nature, or clog your Ears with such Discourses as have been

been too dull, and frequent in the Relation I make you?

We now began to steer our Course for the Coast of *Norway*, when we discerned a Ship making after us with full Sails, and fearing to lose the Booty we had gotten I speedily began to undo one of my Knots, and to steer towards the West, according to the observation of my Compass when suddenly there arose a contrary Gale of Wind, so that in a Moment we lost sight of the other Vessel, and sailing with a strong Wind, towards the Evening of the next Day we discovered the Coast of *Norway*, which we soon gained; we anchored and landed our Goods, which were very Rich, where we made a sudden Sale, but yet preserving what was most precious to make a Present of it to the King, the more to endear and oblige him to our Interest; the Money I would have shared equally among them all but they would not agree to that, so that by their Importunity I was forced to receive the one half with which I redeem'd the best part of my Grandfather's Possessions; we put forth to Sea again, and returned with many rich Prizes, as is almost incredible; I redeemed the Residue of my Grandfather's Estate, and in a small time purchased greater Lordships, yet always reserving a great Stock of Money ready all Occasions; all the Ships that was fit for War I set forth to Sea again, making of my own Men Officers, which had as their Servants many of the King of *Norway's* Subjects that went with them, and in that way continued a long Time. Thus we dispersed ourselves on the Sea, and became mighty on the Ocean; if we mist of a Booty by Water, we sought it on Land; and on the East side of *Britain*, and the Western Parts of

Scotland, we went ashore, Plundering and Sacking whole Towns, and conveying our Prey aboard we returned safely Home, so that my Fame began to rise in all Parts, and spread abroad in Foreign Countries, so that not one Tittle of the Old Man's Words fell to the Ground unfulfill'd.

My Wealth growing great, and my Riches daily increasing, the King of *Norway* honour'd me so much as to offer me to his own Niece to Wife, willing me to continue in the City Royal with him, and to ordain a Deputy over my Affairs at Sea, that I might take a little Pleasure and ease after so many past Miseries; I promised to perform all that he desired after I had been forth one Voyage more, and at my return to submit to what ever he should command me; I gave him many obliging thanks for his concern he had for me, and so took my Leave of him, promising a speedy return. Our Ship being ready, and the Wind blowing fair, we quickly left *Norway*, and sailing about Three Days by the Directions of the Compass Eastwards, and meeting no Prize, we severed ourselves to divers Quarters, so that I left myself alone; only with this Admiral Ship we are now in, and Cruising about some time to little Purpose, we resolv'd to put ashore on the East Parts of *Albion* (as oftentimes we had done before) to Forrage for Cattle to Victual our Ship; when at our first Landing, Fortune presented us with the Sight of your Brother, who stood in Opposition against a very great Number in your Defence; this Sight diverted our former Intentions, so that we march'd towards them, not to visit either Party, but

to make our utmost Advantage of both ; at the Sight of us those that assaulted your Brother fled away, and he only keeping his Station, undaunted made his Fight good against us all, till being over-powered by Number, we took him Prisoner, and with him your fair self, Fortune above measure making me happy for the loss of my dearest *Desdemona* ; so that there rests nothing now but that I return to *Norway*, never to trust the Dangers of this Liquid Element any longer, there to offer myself, and what I enjoy, at your Feet, and joyfully to build my whole Felicity and Happiness, in the Hopes I have conceived one Day to be Yours.

This, Madam, continued he, is the Period and End of my dismal Story, which I have truly related, not omitting ought might make me seem less faulty ; but rather I have aggravated my Crimes and added to my Offences ; for I find it impossible to relate Falshoods unto you, or to excuse myself with Untruths ; I am before a Judge (your fair Self Madam) who can judiciously and wisely Dilate upon and Censure my Offence, which weigh'd and consider'd will rather inforce Pity than Resentments, that may prove fatal unto me, since none of my Crimes have proceeded from my Inclinations, but from my adverse Fate, did I practise *Artemesia's* Death ? Remember that wicked Issue had a Noble Parent, Love ; was I unconstant to *Artemesia* ? Oh remember my Constancy to *Desdemona* : Think if I could have been unconstant I might have been less wretched ; if I have obliged you in the Rehearsal, or disoblige
my

myself, I am not able to judge; yet consider how willing I am to court all Opportunities to endear you, and that I hazard my own Interest for the pettiest Occasion to oblige you; there is something due to that; should you hold me guilty I will not justify myself, or judge me Innocent I would continue silent, and make no Reply, but rest satisfy'd in granting your Request in this Rehearſal and Relation of the History of my Life.



*The Continuation of the History
of Orsamus and Cynthia.*

HERE *Almerin* ended the Story of the Adventures of his Life, leaving *Orsamus* and *Cynthia* in Admiration and Astonishment; they saw he was pursued by a Divine Hand, and that it was impossible for him to fly his Fate, so that they began to look on their own Condition, fearfully apprehending the Calamities might befall them, in being Prisoner to one who being follow'd by Divine Vengeance, made all Miserable that were concerned in any thing that appertained unto him: they well knew what they could expect or receive from the Hands of one whose Life had been monstrous, but the latter Part most fearful and horrid, their Fears almost made them despair, but that they did remember Heaven doth always assist the Vertuous in their
greatest

greatest Calamities, and is nearest at Hand with Remedy and Relief, when our Miseries become most desperate and past Cure.

Alexander Magnus, being by the States of all *Grecia* chosen Captain General, and to make War with the *Persians*, before he took Ship he enquired after the Estate of all his Friends, to know what Means they had to follow him; then he distributed and gave to one Lands, to another a Village, to this Man the Custon of some Haven, to another the Profit of some Burrough Town, bestowing in this Manner the most part of his Demesns and Revenues; and when *Perdicus*, one of his Lieutenant's asked him what he reserved for himself? He answered, I leave Hope for *Alexander*; so great Confidence had this Noble Warrior in his own Virtue; nothing in the World is more common than Hope; it abides with the most Prosperous, nor doth it abandon the most wretched, without Hope our Life would be insupportable, for as the Winds do not always blow vehemently, so happy Men are not ever Fortunate, nor unhappy Men all ways Miserable; Hope easeth the Burthen of Man's Miseries, and it never fails him until he ceases to be; Hope is the best Comforter in the greatest Adversities, because nothing so much dissipates the sharpness of present Calamities, as the Hope of future Felicities; there is Vicissitudes in all Things, and nothing below continues in one State and Condition; Winter does not continue ever, and the Moon is not always in her Wain; those Fortune frowns on to Day she may smile on to Morrow; the Air is not always Tempestuous, nor the Sun continues not long clouded; Ver-
tuous

tuous Persons may fall into Misfortunes, but they be of small Durance. These considerations did something allay and dissipate the Grief our disconsolate Lovers endured, else it had been too heavy a Burthen, for their Condition seemed so desperate only a Divine Power could relieve them, since Human Assistance failed them; the Relation of *Almerin's* Life, instead of a Divertisement that *Cynthia* expected, became an Addition to their own Miseries, and an Augmentation of their Fears; yet in civility she was enforced to render him Thanks for his Narration; after some discourse had passed, and Night began to cloath herself in a Sable Black, so putting a Period to their Discourse, *Orsamus* and *Almerin*, each taking their respective Farewells of *Cynthia*, left her to her Rest; *Orsamus* retiring to his Cabbin, and *Almerin* to give Commands to his Soldiers concerning the ordering the Ship. Some Days passed away, while they Cruised about in Expectation of some more Prizes, that they might not go Home unloaded to *Norway*. This Consideration alone retarded their Voyage.

In the mean Time *Almerin* prosecuted his Suit to *Cynthia* with much Eagerness, still keeping himself in the Bounds of his Respect, until by the return *Cynthia's* Beauty, his Love blew his Lust into a Flame, which could not be extinguish'd without Peril to either side; Love is a Passion of all other most Lovely, until Lust takes a Moiety, and becomes his Rival; then it becomes a very Tyrant, and is subject to the greatest Villany; for where Passion bears Sway, there is no Place admitted for Reason to plead;

plead; no wonder than if *Almerin* broke the Laws wherewith he had confirmed himself, since Reason made them, and Passion is always a Rebel to Reason; something they gave him fair Hopes, but as often defer him with delay; but Delay breeds Impatience, and Impatience as often begets Extreams: This was fully verified in *Almerin*, altho' *Cynthia* forbore as much as possible to treat him harshly.

About Nine Days had passed away since first they were surprized, when he came very rudely into her Cabbin, and with much Insolence treated her in this Manner: 'Madam, I see all my Civilities have been lost, and you provoke me to destroy all the Considerations that have flowed from that Fountain. I have henceforth decreed to seek my Satisfaction by other Means, so that I allow you until to Morrow to frame a Resolution, and if that fail to overcome your Obstinacy; I shall know how to oblige you unto it in spite of your Averfion. He confirmed this Menace with many others; and his Actions agreeing thereunto, told him to have spake nothing but what he had fully determined before in his Mind; saying this, he left the Cabbin without the least respect, and in his going out he fortun'd to meet *Orsamus*, as then going to pay his usual Visit to *Cynthia*, and greeting him in this rough Language, *Sir*, (said he) Remember you are my Prisoner; and since Fortune gives you no greater Tye over your Sister's Affections, that she will not suffer you to Gain your Freedom, from henceforth you shall be treated like a Slave, or like one that has baffled and deluded me with false Hopes, henceforth I shall find other Ways to compass my

my ends, without your Intercession, until to Morrow I have allowed your Sister to Veil her Wilfulness to my desires, which if you can perfect you may both yet be Happy. Saying this he left him not expecting a Reply; which Fortune fell out well for Orsamus, for his Answer no doubt would have incensed the Pyrate to Present Extremities, for *Almerin* spake to a Man whose Spirit was not capable to be frighted by Bugbears; instead of being amazed at his Change, it began to rouse his Courage for a speedy Revenge: *Base Man, said he, dost thou think thy Villany shall always remain unpunished, and that there is no Period set on thy Wickedness.* This said he entered into *Cynthia's* Cabin, yet composing all that was fierce and terrible in his Looks to a lovely Sweetness, he found the Idea of all his Felicity bathing that lovely Object in Tears; Love and Pity would have persuaded him to bear her Company in her Sorrows, she made Grief seem so lovely; but better Reason taught him to dissipate those Floods of Woes, if possible, that thus oppress'd her; when falling at her Feet, embracing her Knees with a tender Emotion of Pity and Compassion, *Why these Precious Showers, Madam? (said he) Wherefore the Overflowings of Grief? Is it because this Villain has so confidently set a Time to finish his desires; Alas my dear Princess, he does not hurry on his own Punishment, and set an End unto his Villany; fear not the Issue, Madam, for if you fear I shall faint; from your Eyes I shall receive my destiny! Oh let them not be overcast with Clouds as a certain Omen of my Overthrow; Death itself could not beget an Effect in my Soul like your tears. Oh cease to exercise those Cruelties on yourself:*
And

And be not so unkind to one that loves you above his Life.

All the Time of this Discourse *Orsamus* remained at her Feet ; but recollecting her Spirits, taking him by the Hand, Rise, *Orsamus*, said she, and blame not my Grievs, since Fortune intends to put no Period to our Misfortunes, nor End to our Miseries ; she is become cruel without Remorse, and pitiless without Compassion ; if I think of Hope, she soon transforms it into despair, and if I dare imagine I may be more Happy, she soon curbs me in that Presumption : if there is no peterminate End set to my Misfortunes, why should I expect any longer, and not court Death as the last Remedy ? Then blame not the Tears I shed in so woeful a Case, since some fall for *Orsamus*, and accompany those that drop away for *Cynthia*. *Orsamus* ravished at this free and unconstrain'd Answer of *Cynthia*, and Manifestation of her Pity, Oh, Madam, said he, How happy do you make me, a Thousand such Lives as mine spent in thy Service were but poor Arguments to make a Recompence for the least of those precious Tears that you shed : Oh rest contented, my dearest Princess ; I am only safe in your Security, and Happy in your Satisfaction. It is impossible I should be thus Fortunate, and yet be Unhappy.

In such mournful Discourse they pass'd away the Day, till Night approach'd to accompany them with her dismal Shades ; this Night *Orsamus* continued with *Cynthia* a woeful Companion of her Sorrows ; nor was it gain said by *Silmerin*, since he apprehended it would be a Furtherance to his Designs ; much Discourse passed

pass'd between these unfortunate Lovers that ensuing Night so woeful, that my Pen cannot Decipher them in their true Colours, and therefore I cannot but be silent.

Night began to cast off her Sable Mantle, and *Luna* gave an exit to this upper World, darkness was hush'd away, and *Phoebus* newly darted his resplendant Rays from the *East*, when our disconsolate Lovers preparing themselves for the Disasters that might befall them that succeeding Day. Scarce had the *Aurora* of the Day given Place to that Illustrious Planet the Sun, but *Almerin* with hasty Steps made towards the Cabbin door, which was no sooner perceiv'd by *Orsamus*, but he made ready for his Entertainment, *Cynthia* perswaded him from an Attempt upon his Life, but he returned Answer, *Cease Fair Soul, and let me alone, middle Ways to such Enterprizes are dull.* By this time *Almerin* came to the Cabbin door, which was opened unto him by *Orsamus*; at his entrance he suddenly disarm'd him of his Sword with such an impetuous Fury, that before he could cry for Help, or make the least Resistance, he cast him deadly wounded at his Feet. *Lys* thou art thou main Obstructor of my Quiet, (said he) take the Reward of thy Villany in the Grave. Hardly was he fallen on the Deck but his amazed Spirits returned, being ready to give a Farewel to the Old Companion the Body; which *Orsamus* seeing, made ready to give him another Blow, so to make a sudden end to that Fatal Separation, which *Almerin* perceiving cry'd out, ' Oh, hold your Hand! It is enough ' I feel my Soul is ready to take her Flight, ' and my Continuance here will be but a few Mo-

‘ Moments. Oh horrible! Oh fearful! Oh
‘ terrible! Still beginning and never ending
‘ Eternity; now I desire to live because I fear
‘ to Dye; yet I would dye because I would be
‘ free from the fear of worse to come. Oh hap-
‘ py they that so live, that they may be never
‘ afraid to Dye; to such Dearh is a Bed of
‘ Rest, Eternal Happiness, and their Reward
‘ is *Elizium*; ——— but mine is ——— another
‘ Voyage, ——— my last Minutes are at Hand,
‘ I go away in a Mist I know not how; — I
‘ can no more, ——— Farewel. At this Word he
‘ gave up the Ghost, to the Amazement of Cr-
‘ istamus, and the Terror of Cynthia.

In a Moment the Glory of the Day was overcast with Black Clouds, the Winds grew boisterous, and the Seas turbulent, the resounding Eccho of the Thunder Claps were terrible to the Hearer; Flashes of Lightning made the Ship seem on Fire, with Storms of Hail and Rain, so that there began a cruel Tempest, the Waves grew proud and the Ship disdain'd to be govern'd by the Pilot's Skill, so that the Men made towards Cynthia's Cabbin to give Notice to their Captain to have his Advice: When behold they were amazed at the dismal Object presented unto their Eyes; they saw him wallowing in his own Blood at the Entrance of the Cabbin, this Sight was followed with a loud and bitter Cry, and with the Lamentations of many different Voices; still the Storm continued, and their Confusion increased, until at last recollecting their Distraction, they agreed with one Consent to make good their Revenge upon Orlamus, who they doubted

doubted not had been the Murderer of their Captain ; part they appointed to manage the Ship in that Storm, while the rest went to sacrifice his Blood to the Ghost of their slain commander ; their Resolution was answerable to their Design ; for the Loss of their Captain, whom they loved to entirely, and in whom they built their future Fortunes, had raised their Choler to such a Height that nothing could allay it but his Death ; this was made manifest in their fierce Assault, which was by *Orsamus* as bravely repulsed, for he had gotten this Advantage, that defending himself at the Entrance of the Cabbin-Door, but one at a Time could endanger or hurt him, the Combat continued hot on both sides, *Orsamus* for the safety of his dearest *Cynthia*, and the Pyrates for their Revenge, three of the Pyrates *Orsamus* had sent to accompany their Captain, neither did he himself escape without Wounds ; Things were thus rated when the Tempest began to assuage, and one from the Fore-castle began to cry out, *A Sail, a Sail*. This Summons periwaded them to defer their Revenge for a small Time, so that of that great Number that assailed him, six only staid as a Guard to secure him, fearing should they engage he might issue forth, and join with the Enemy to their no small Disadvantage.

The Ship drew nearer, making towards them with full Sails, and before their Preparations were in a readiness for Defence, they were saluted with Showers of Arrows that seemed to darken the Sky ; in a few Moments they came to a closer Combat, and grappled with their Ship ; then the Fight became bloody and cruel,
Despair

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Despair made the Pyrates couragious, so that Twice they repulsed them with no small Loss; in the third Assault they were worsted, and their Enemies taking Advantage of their Retreat, slew all, leaving not a Man alive, those that guarded *Orsamus* were fled away, and escaped his Hands, but it was only to fall by others; some that were forwardest for Plunder and Spoil, would have entred *Orsamus's* Cabbin, but their Lives paid the Forfeit of their Folly; this occasion'd another bickering, and drew most part of the Conquerors together to behold a Resistance so bravely maintained by one Man, where eight lay wallowing in their Blood; yet he made good his Defence; thus he continu'd triumphing in their Deaths, making himself a Bravado of their Carcasses, while the Victorious Captain that had Boarded the Ship was a Spectator, and pining that so much Bravery should wither in the Bud, he commanded his Men to leave assailing him, and drawing something nearer *Gallant Man*, (said he) *Your Courage has gained an Esteem in the Breast of your Enemy; cease this fatal Contest, and I promise your Safety of Life and Liberty.*

Your offer is Noble *reply'd Orsamus*, nor could it flow but from a Breast truly generous; it is not only against your Men I have made this Resistance, but against the whole strength of the Ship before your Valour subdu'd it? the Captain lies here a Sacrifice, slain by my Hand? and nothing could have preserv'd my Life, had not divine Providence directed you hither; yet being my Preserver, I dare not deliver my self on these Terms; not that I doubt the Performance of your Promise
but

but a small Addition thereunto ; here is within this Cabbin one whose Safety if I cannot secure I shall little value my own ; if you please to let us both share alike in your Bounty, and promise to include us both in that Noble Offer of Life and Liberty, I'll submit my self to your Protection ; if not, I am ready to make good my Defence with the Loss of that Life I shall not esteem, without the intire Preformance of these Articles. Saying this, he put himself in a Posture of Defence. Hold (quoth the Captain) for Curiosity's Sake I'll fulfill all my Request ; in the King of Kent's Name, my Royal Master, I plight thee my Faith. Orsamus remained amazed at this Answer, and after some Revolutions in his Spirit, (he replied) Ha, King of Kent, said you ? Come and finish what you have began, for I'll ever live to see that in another's Custody, that is whole and intirely true to my Merit,

Scarce had these Words took a Farewel from his Mouth, but behold an Aged Old Man with more haste than his many Years would permit him, made thro' the Crowd towards him and being come something nearer, that he might be heard, with an Extasy of Joy he utter'd these Words, (My Noble Lord Orsamus living and found here ! Heavens, you have satisfied my tedious Expectations,) and pausing a while with Admirations, he continued his Discourse, Sir, I am not so much lost unto your Memory, but you may remember one *Willifred*. At this Orsamus recollecting himself, crying out, My dear Father, Oh come into this fatal Place that I may have this happiness in Death to die in the defence of two Persons that share my soul
betwixt

betwixt them, Oh Sir! replied the Old Man) talk not of Death, we came in search of you only for your Safety, that I may make all this evident unto you, cease your Admirations for a Time. This said and all continuing Silent, he proceedeth as followeth.

Oswald, that famous King of the Northumbers, had a Brother named Oswin, the only Successor to that great Kingdom; he was Married to a Noble Lady, by whom he had Issue Egfrid the Elder, and Orsamus one Year younger; so that you are not my Son, as hitherto you have esteemed your self, when that Fatal Battle of Masterfield was fought by King Penda, the Tyrant of Mercia, against your Uncle *Oswald*, King of the Northumbers, in which Field he was slain. It was then uncertain whether Oswin your Father, or your Elder Brother Egfrid had ended their Lives at that Moment; as soon as Tidings were brought of their dismal overthrow, I fled with you, being as then about ten years old, unto the next Port Town, where I got Shipping, and escaped away, to find a more secure Sanctuary in another Country than our own, that I kept you from the Knowledge of your self, your Pardon, it was my Love that err'd for I did conclude it would be prejudicial. While we were sailing on the Ocean, as you well remember, there arose a mighty tempest, that I imagin'd we escap'd Death on the Land, to receive it from the liquid Element; the Storm encreased, and with it our fears, the skill of the Mariners was used in vain, so being left to the Mercy of the Sea and Wind

we

we were convey'd unto unknown Parts; the Storm continued, so that about the Dawning of the second Day we discern'd Land, and before ever we had Time to recollect upon that Shore we were cast, we grounded upon a Rock, so that the Ship burit into a thousand pieces; the little Time I had left I did consider of your safety so that tying two Casks together, and seeing you safely on, I left you to the Mercy of the Sea, while I did provide for my own Security; I secur'd me on a Piece of Timber that came from the broken Ship but mine was driven a contrary course unto that which you went, so that we soon parted a great Distance, so that I never saw you since, until this Moment. Sometime after your Father recovered, and took Possession of his Brother's Kingdom, and after I had made a strict inquiry about them Parts, where I conceived you were landed ashore, and not finding you I imagined you had paid your Life as a Tribute unto the unmerciful Waves: So that I returned home sorrowful into my own Country, and made this Relation unto your Father, who bitterly lamented your Loss; but Time at last, put your Memory into Oblivion when we considered you were not among the Living.

Some Years had added themselves unto the age of Time, when Fame prevail'd in our Country the excellent Beauty of *Cynthia*, Daughter to the King of *Kent*; so much did the Report of this their unknown seize your Brother *Egfrid's* Affections as he desired his Father to treat of an Alliance with the King of *Kent* by a Marriage with his Daughter; his Father that after the Report of your death, did Prize him as the Apple of his Eye,
unwilling

' timerous Apprehensions of his safety than at
 ' that time needed; her Commands were ex-
 ' actly obey'd, so that by their Industry in a
 ' few Moments they had secur'd him safe a-
 ' shore, and weak and feeble as he was, pre-
 ' sented him before *Cynthia*. I remember I
 ' was walking in my Palace Garden when she
 ' presented him unto me, after her Observa-
 ' tions paid, *Lo here, Sir*, said she, taking the
 ' Youth by the Hand, with a Smile, sweetly
 ' Innocent, See how fortunate I have been to day
 ' by my early rising to be the Preserver of this
 ' pretty Lad, which with your Consent, I would
 ' have to attend on me, since it is his Desire, to
 ' spend his Life I so happily preserv'd in my Ser-
 ' vice. ' With this she related where, and how
 ' he came unto her Hands; I staid some
 ' time for an Answer, contemplating his Be-
 ' haviour, and sweet becoming Graces; me-
 ' thought I saw something in him of Majesty.
 ' I questioned him of his Name and Country,
 ' to which he gave me this Answer. Sir, my
 ' Name is *Orsamus*, my Father an aged old Man
 ' which I fear perish'd in the late Storm; my
 ' Country is far hence, in Parts unknown to me;
 ' and being Shipwreck'd in the late Tempest,
 ' he secur'd my safety upon two Casks; many
 ' Hours I continu'd on the Waves, uncertain of
 ' Life, untill I was cast upon this happy Shore,
 ' and rescue'd from the Jaws of *Neptune*, by this
 ' Fair Divinity, in whose Service I should be
 ' too happy were I assur'd of my Dear Father's
 ' Safety. ' At the Period of this Discourse he
 ' let fall a shower of Tears to the Memory of
 ' so near a Loss, we comforted him with the
 ' most agreeable Words we could frame, telling
 ' him

' him his Mistress would be to him instead of
 ' a Father; that if his Father were cast upon
 ' our Coast he should have Notice given of his
 ' Safety; he seemed much satisfied with this
 ' Discourse, which Contentment he expressed in
 ' his Countenance; for that time he left me and
 ' attended the Princess.

' He was already become the Darling of the
 ' whole Court, every day added to his esteem
 ' he had already gotten, who all admired such
 ' uncommon Graces should bud in Years so
 ' Green; he had a Solidity that overtop'd his
 ' Age; he was never hardly from *Cynthia's* Eye,
 ' nor indeed did she desire it, so that he seemed
 ' to bound his whole Felicity in her Ser-
 ' vice; he waited upon her Walks and Re-
 ' creations, but still kept himself about her
 ' with a profound Reverence; his Officious-
 ' ness was such that all his Actions bespoke
 ' him; he would not prize the dearest Good be-
 ' fore the least and smallest Occasion to please
 ' her; he courted all Opportunities, Times and
 ' Places, to make it manifest; if she would re-
 ' tire herself into an Arbour, there would he
 ' charm sweet Sleep upon her Eye-lids with
 ' delightful Musick, in which Art he was very
 ' Excellent; and while he Slept he would
 ' remain a careful Centinel, the Princess, young
 ' as she was, did not bury those Services in Ob-
 ' livion, but rated them at their true Value in
 ' her Breast, rewarding all with a grand esteem
 ' which was received by him as a Reward far
 ' exceeding his Merits; he could so sweeten his
 ' Discourse and Actions to so near a Sympathy,
 ' his Conversation being so charming and agree-
 ' able

' able, that *Cynthia* was never satisf'd when he
 ' was absent; as his Years increas'd he bent his
 ' delight to manly Exercises, so that many times
 ' his gallant Deportment in Publick Spectacles
 ' drew Admiration from all that did behold
 ' him, and e'er he attain'd his 15th Year he won
 ' the Prizes in all those Exercises wherein Va-
 ' lour or Wit were needful; so that he became
 ' rarely skill'd in every Undertaking, to which
 ' his Virtuous Inclinations led him. *Cynthia*
 ' counted that Day happy wherein she found
 ' him, and my greatest Nobles became ena-
 ' mour'd of his Carriage, calling him the Fair
 ' Stranger; his Behaviour was so free, sweet,
 ' generous and obliging, that there was not one
 ' that envied his Happiness; nor was it a small
 ' hold he had gotten in my esteem.

' His Affairs stood thus in Court, when my
 ' Land was suddenly invaded by *Cavaline* King
 ' of the *West-Saxons*; I rais'd an Army to op-
 ' pose him, and set forward to meet him; when
 ' this young Novice, fired with hopes of Acti-
 ' on to make Trial of his Valour, taking Op-
 ' portunity when the Princess was alone, he
 ' accosted her in this manner. Madam, I am
 too happy in the Felicity you have rais'd me
 unto, in being your Servant. But now Oppor-
 tunity presents what perchance Fortune may
 never offer again; your Country is invaded by
 Enemies, and I desire your good Leave to ac-
 company your Father in this Expedition against
 those Pagans that dare to commit so great a
 Sacrilege, where in the Field of Honour I may
 purchase some pretty Trophies that may raise
 me to deserve that Esteem you have for me.
 ' *Cynthia* having a while considered of his Re-
 quest

quest, with an unusual kindness in her Eyes
made this Reply. Yes, *Orsamus*, you have my
free leave to go; nor can I trust you better than
with my Father. Yet it is no small hopes I
promise myself from these early Beginnings of
your Bravery; go then and be happy, for you
shall never want the Prayers of your Mistress.

This said, he attended her to my Chamber,
where she made known his Resolutions unto
me; nor could I disapprove the Gallantry of
his Mind, but commending his forwardness,
gave him my Consent, ordering him always
to be near my Person; thus I parted with
my dearest *Cynthia*, leaving her rosy Cheeks
bedew'd with Pearly Tears for fear of the
Dangers I expos'd myself unto.

We march'd forward by unusual Journeys
to hinder the Enemies Foraging of the Coun-
try, until at last we encamp'd upon a large
Plain, on the Frontiers of my Kingdom, call'd
Black-Heath; here we took the Advantage of
our Ground, and had the Enemy Battle; it
was first begun by the fore runners of our Ar-
mies, but at last our main Battle engag'd and
the Fight became bloody on both Sides, Vi-
ctory as yet remaining doubtful to which side
she would incline; at last by a violent charge
of the Enemy, my Ranks were broken, and
my main Battle disorder'd, and in spite of
my Guard I was taken Prisoner; this was no
sooner understood by *Orsamus*, but like a
young *Mars*, he rush'd into the midst of the
Throng, dealing Blows with so much Brave-
ry that he soon redeem'd me, and in short we
became Masters of the Field.

' But it fortun'd soon after, I became the di-
 ' sturber of his Quiet, and chief Occasion that
 ' he left my Court. It fell out thus; the *East-*
 ' *Angles* King, my adjoining Neighbour, asked
 ' *Cynthia* in Marriage, for his Son *Cordello*; my
 ' Council advis'd me to grant his Request; I
 ' condescended to their Advice, and concluded
 ' the Marriage with his Ambassadors. telling
 ' them I would celebrate their Nuptials in *Co-*
 ' *roborina*; the Ambassadors returned Home,
 ' and in a few Days after *Cordello* arrived with
 ' a great Train. The Day was appointed to
 ' join their Hands, all Necessaries provided,
 ' yet by a turn of Fortune it came to no Effect.

' After this Contract of Marriage *Orsamus*
 ' became possessed with an unusual Melancholy
 ' he sought out Solitary Places wherein to
 ' spend his Time, a mortal Sadness was chara-
 ' cter'd in all the Features of his Face, the
 ' whole Court concerned themselves in his
 ' Misfortunes, and my self was not the least;
 ' I oftentimes demanded of him from whence
 ' this Change did arise, but he never yielded
 ' me any account. This was soon taken notice
 ' of by *Cynthia*, so that being with him alone
 ' in the Garden Walks, taking Opportunity
 ' from those Heart breathing Sighs that brake
 ' from the Closer of his Breath; ' How now *Or-*
 ' *samus* (*said she*) Why these Sighs? Wherefore
 ' is your Countenance changed? What have you
 ' let yourself fall into a Distemper below the
 ' Knowledge of your Mistress? Reveal it, that
 ' if possible, I may procure a Remedy, Yes,
 ' (*said Orsamus*) it is only you can yield a Reme-
 ' dy; you made me happy only to be unfortu-
 ' nate; Oh that I had been buried in the rag-
 ' ing

ing Ocean, I should have found a resting place in *Elizum*, and not have died by a second Death, Oh, Madam! continued he, Resolve me, must you be Married? Yes, reply'd *Cynthia*, it is so decreed: Than farewell Hopes, continued *Orsamus*, now Madam you have provided a Remedy, Death and Despair will soon give a Period to my Life; but because I will accord with your desire, that your displeasure may hasten on the Death I so much desire, know, Madam, from that Moment you preserve my Life, until this Time, I have nourish'd a Passion for your Vertues, accompanied with such a Zeal as will follow my Ashes to the Grave; my Resistance and Reason became too weak to turn the Current of it, altho' I levied all the Power against you that was likely to present any Fruit or Hope; I endeavour'd to fortify my Soul against the force of Nature with an Opposition, under which he was like to fall your Sacrifice. I saw my Resolutions cowardly turn their Heads in] *Hyem's* Part the Combat against you; and 3 Page 253. tho' I call'd all the Knowledge that I ought to have of you and myself, to reinforce them, at last I found an absolute impossibility to hold up my Arms any longer. It was no blind Presumption that thrust me Headlong upon this Attempt, for I never see any thing in my Person or Services that might authorize my Boldness; 'tis a restless Constraint that labours to excuse me. Seven long Years are past and fled away; since I have concealed this a Secret to my Bosom; the Summers scorching heat, nor the tedious Winter Nights could never work the least Change; it was

daily nourish'd by your Goodness, altho' innocently, until it came to its full growth; whilst there was the least Hope it thriv'd, nor did I ever complain; but to have Hope torn up by the roots, to be confin'd never to see you more, is a Cruelty that cannot be born. Here he continued silent.

Whilst *Cynthia* remained astonished at his discourse, but at last recovering that Assurance she had lost the time of his Discourse. 'How now, *Orsamus*? replied she, it is thus you pay your Respects unto me? Dare you raise your Ambition to the Daughter of a King? or could you imagine I would own your Pretensions? I am sorry my esteem should be thus lessened by your Folly; or if my intentions or Inclinations could lean that way, it is impossible my Father should ever consent, whose Displeasure I would not gain, to obtain the dearest Good; to put an End to those Dangers that this may occasion for the future I desire you from henceforth to avoid my Presence, since there is only this Means left to cure your Malady; while I restrain those innocent Familiarities that have disturbed your Quier, Oh Madam! quoth *Orsamus*, falling on his Knees, Mitigate your Displeasure a little, there wanted only this to make me wretched. it is decreed, replied *Cynthia* with a Voice somewhat elevated, and Eyes beginning to kindle with Anger, and it behoves you not to dispute it. Saying this she left them without either Voice to Speak or Strength to follow her; unto so sad a Condition was he reduced: What his Complaint were after her Departure I cannot tell, but certain I am, upon
this

' this Occasion he absented himself from Court
 ' having first indited these Verses, and convey'd
 ' them into her Cabinet, which was not hard
 ' for him to do, considering the Access and Li-
 ' berty was always allowed unto him. Some
 ' few Hours after his Departure they came to
 ' Cynthia's Hands, and I think they spake these
 ' Words:

*Tho' cruel Cynthia, for our small amiss
 To rob me of my better part of Bliss.
 Oh cruel Life: That's never free from fear,
 Preserv'd by Pity; ruin'd by Despair.
 I Love, and therefore from your sight I go,
 Who can behold you and not love you too?
 'Tis all Mens Faults but my too wretched Fate
 Makes only me the Object of your Hate.
 I lose your Presence by too much Respect,
 Others enjoy it only by neglect.
 Oh dismal Grief that harbours in my Breast
 My absent Joys begets me this Unrest.
 He that enjoys a Bliss, enjoys a Cross,
 That makes him trabel wretched in the Loss.
 When Phoebus to our Sight doth disappear,
 The Night seems darker case it once was here,
 Your Doom is past, I'll not dispute it now,
 But to your Sentence with Submission bow.
 Farewell my dearest Mistress, stubborn Heart
 Oh break when I pronounce this word (Depart)
 Adieu my chiefest Good; Oh let that Breath,
 That bids adieu give entrance to my Depth!
 I talk of going, yet I slowly move,
 So weak does Reason to a lover prove.
 This Dulness only Speaks the want of Wit,
 I wish you happy, yet would hinder it.*

*Injoy your Wishes then, while wretched I
 Seek out an unfrequented Place to die ;
 So in my Death your Pity I may have
 To make my Ghost rest quiet in the Grave.*

ORSAMUS.

* The sight of these Lines, and the absence
 * of *Orsamus*, produced great Effects in the
 * Breast of *Cynthia* ; Discontent sealed itself on
 * her Brow, the Carnations of her Cheeks be-
 * gan to abate, and the Lillies began to possess
 * their Places ; having Demanded the Reason
 * of these sudden Effects, she made me a Dis-
 * course of all the particulars that had fallen
 * out betwixt *Orsamus* and herself, and the
 * Occasion of his Absence ; also shewing me
 * these Verses I have rehearsed unto you. Look
 * here, Sir, said she, see the Resolution of this
 * Unfortunate, occasioned by one hasty Word,
 * which I fear will destroy what I so happily pre-
 * serv'd ; altho' the audacious revealing of his
 * Love were an Offence, it was not of that de-
 * gree to call his Life in question. Shall I tell
 * you from whom I do not conceal my closest Se-
 * crets ; had *Orsamus's* Love authorized by
 * your free Consent, I would have chosen him
 * out of the Stock of Mankind ; nor can I much
 * offend in loving one that has been the Preserver
 * of your Life and Kingdom. I could not much
 * gainsay what she had said, for *Orsamus's* Vir-
 * tues were so well grounded in my Breast that
 * oftentimes I have had some thoughts myself
 * to his Advantage, tending that Way ; but as
 * things were now stated, I durst not make my
 * Concerns know unto *Cynthia*, lest they might
 * occasion

‘ occasion some demur. The Marriage-Day
‘ drew near at Hand, and *Cordello* waited the
‘ Confirmation of his Nuptials, so that I could
‘ not go back from my Promise without provo-
‘ king the *East Angles* King to be my Enemy.
‘ This consideration caused me to cloud my
‘ Countenance with a Frown : Fie *Cynthia*, re-
‘ plied I, forget this Man, one of so mean and
‘ low Condition, were his Birth any ways cor-
‘ respondent to thine, I think I should have ac-
‘ corded with thy Desires, had I known it be-
‘ fore this Contract with *Cordello*; but this has
‘ proceeded so far, that the deferring of it
‘ would endanger my whole Kingdom. Ba-
‘ nish this Miserable Man from thy Memory,
‘ and obey the Commands imposed on thee by
‘ thy Father and a King. She made no reply,
‘ but with a low submission seemed to consent
‘ with what I desired, and so left me, the Con-
‘ duits of her Eyes being ready to overflow
‘ their Banks. After her Departure I sent
‘ secret Spies through all Parts of my King-
‘ dom to search for *Orsamus*, with Com-
‘ mands if they found him to bring him back
‘ again; my Discontents came little short of
‘ *Cynthia*’s for his Departure, for I could not
‘ so soon bury in Oblivion the Memory of so
‘ brave a Man, to whose Valour I was so much
‘ obliged; his absence wrought Effects upon
‘ my Soul, and his Merits had gotten such sure
‘ footing in my Breast, that had not this fatal
‘ Marriage been an Obstruction, I would have
‘ offered that into his Arms he so much desired,
‘ and I doubt not I should have found a clearer
‘ Satisfaction in his Person, than in the Possession
‘ of Royalties.

‘ For

' For true Nobility was never begun but
 ' by Virtue : Nor is it as the vulgar Opinion
 ' of Men rate it, but it is only the Praise and
 ' Sirname of Virtue : It is a miserable Folly
 ' to beg Esteem of Dead Men when we deserve
 ' none our selves ; for the true Honour and
 ' Worship, saith a Wise Man, is the Virtue of
 ' the Mind, which Honour no Monarch can
 ' give thee, nor no Flattery or Money can purchase us.

' Princes should be Patterns of Virtue to
 ' them over whom they Rule, for most People
 ' take their Rulers as a Glass to examine themselves by ; so let the Prince be Vicious, the
 ' People shall not be Virtuuous over whom he
 ' Rules ; for they think they cannot do better
 ' than to regulate their Actions by their Princes,
 ' this Consideration should be of Force enough
 ' to induce Princes so to live that their Virtu-
 ' ous Actions may shine in the Eyes of their Sub-
 ' jects, that they should nourish budding Vir-
 ' tue, and protect it in a Cottage as well as in
 ' Palace, for the Diamond is of as much Value
 ' worn by a poor Man, as upon the Finger of
 ' the Rich.

' I have the more enlarged my self on this
 ' Subject (*continued he*) because I apprehend
 ' my Neglect in rewarding Virtue occasion-
 ' ed these Misfortunes that suddenly befel
 ' me. But to my Discourse again. My
 ' Spirits returned Home again without bring-
 ' ing the least Intelligence of *Orsamus's* abode,
 ' this being revealed unto *Cynthia* added much
 ' unto her Grief ; as *Orsamus* before had done,
 ' she sought out Solitude, she refrained Compa-
 ' ny, but when Decency required it, she shun'd

* all Divertisements that might charm her Melancholly, so that she brought herself wholly to an Estate of Pity and Compassion; I beheld this Vicissitude with a mortal Vexation and gladly would have procured a Remedy,

* Time flew away with exceeding Swiftnesse, and the Sun had but one Career to run before the Day of Marriage approved; and being unwilling at such a time she should be a desperate Think wholly made up of Sorrow, I caused a stately Banquet to be prepared in a Garden I had abutting to the Sea side, environed by an unfrequented Wood, so situated that Nature and Art both endeavoured to make it a Nonparil, it was here I recreated my Self when my Business at Court would permit my Absence; it was illustrated with many spacious Houses of Pleasure, adorned with *Flora's* Fairest Treasury, whereunto frequented a Melodious Consort of the wild Choristers of the neighbouring Woods. Variety of Objects will dissipate the deepest Sadness, but it produced no Effects in the Soul of *Cynthia*, for thither I came with her attended by *Cordello*, who accompany'd us with a great Train. Our Banquet was ended, and the Sun began to decline towards the Western World, when we all betook our selves each to those Pleasures the Mind best affected; *Cordello* remained with me, and *Cynthia*, accompanied only with her usual Attendance, directed her Walk to that part of the Garden abutting to the Sea; she hardly approached unto the utmost Bounds of the Garden, but she

‘ she gave a Caution to her Servants to keep
‘ at a distance; these Commands were com-
‘ mon with her when she desired to retire her-
‘ self from Company, scarce, by the turnings of
‘ some Alleys, had she concealed herself from
‘ their sight, but by a small Passage, that gave
‘ an entrance into the Wood, she gave an Exit
‘ to the Garden, where she stayed about an
‘ Hour before her Attendance would break the
‘ bounds of those Commands she had imposed
‘ on them; at last the Care of her Safety had
‘ precedency before their Breach of Duty, and
‘ they followed the same Path they saw her
‘ take, but they could not find what they
‘ sought; by the Passage that they found open
‘ they all agreed that she had willingly strayed
‘ in the Woods; they once resolved to follow
‘ her, but better reason dissuaded them the
‘ Turnings were so intricate, that being once
‘ entred it is possible they might sooner lose
‘ themselves, than recover their absent Mi-
‘ stress; these second thoughts directed them
‘ to give me Notice of her Departure; this
‘ News seized my Soul like a Thunder clap;
‘ still things became worse and worse; each
‘ Particular foreboding and unhappy Angury to
‘ ensue; nor did my Apprehensions fail me,
‘ for that I was afraid of soon came unto me,
‘ and the Thing which I did dread came upon
‘ me like a Tempest; upon these Tidings
‘ in a Moment we dispersed ourselves into
‘ all Parts of the Wood, promised great Re-
‘ wards to him that could bring me the first
‘ Tidings of her Safety; scarce a Thicket in
‘ the Wood was left untrac’d, and as far as
‘ we could conceive all our Labours would
‘ become

‘ become fruitless, when it was *Cordello*’s hap
‘ to find her sitting alone. He made towards
‘ her, and seating himself by her side, hardly
‘ had any Discourse pass’d between them, but
‘ there issued out of the adjacent Wood a Man
‘ that bent his Steps toward the Water-side, but
‘ seeing her sit there, altered the Course of his
‘ Design; he cast himself at her Feet, and was
‘ soon known to be the absent *Orsamus*; after
‘ many Complaints that she was Cruel, seasoned
‘ with so many Tears as would have
‘ produced Pity in a Barbarian’s Heart, his
‘ Carriage and Actions so desperately amazed
‘ *Cynthia* that she had not force enough for a
‘ Reply; at last he resolved in a desperate
‘ manner to Sacrifice the last Part of his Life
‘ to his Love; he drew his Sword, the Sight
‘ and Fear of which cast *Cynthia* into a deadly
‘ Trance; he had made that Part the Tragick
‘ Scene of his Revenge on *Cordello*, if his Attendant
‘ had not fortunately made in and
‘ rescued him from his Hands, and all at once
‘ assaulted him; Five had their Passports for
‘ the other World, and no doubt the Company
‘ that continually increased had put a Period
‘ to his Life, had not a strange Turn of Fortune
‘ preserved him. From forth a small Creek
‘ issued out Sixteen Pyrates, at the sight of
‘ which he that assaulted *Orsamus* fled away,
‘ but he made good his Defence against them.
‘ Too late I had News of this, for I made
‘ to the Place with what Power I had,
‘ but I saw nothing but half a Score Men
‘ lying Dead on the Ground. Amongst
‘ those that lay wallowing in their
‘ Gore,

* Gore, there was one that began to recover a
 * little, and was so well follow'd by my Servants
 * that his Senses returned unto him. I promised
 * him his Life on Condition he would give me a
 * true Retation what they were. After a Sigh
 * he began as followeth.

My Country is *Norway*, and the Commander
 of these Men with whom I came ashore is *Al-*
merid, the Famous Rover of these Northern
 Parts, and his Protector is a King of *Nor-*
way; I believe the Name of *Almerin* is not
 unknown to the Inhabitants of *Albion*, but his
 Robberies keep it always green in Memory, un-
 der his Conduct sixteen of us came ashore, and
 were bravely repulsed by one single Man, who
 made his Defence good against us all, for the
 preserving of a Lady that lay Senseless on the
 Ground: Three of my Companions besides my
 self lay grovelling in their Blood at his Feet,
 which Sight incensed *Almerin* to a speedy Re-
 venge, that they rushed upon him in all Parts
 with such Rage and Force that it seem'd impos-
 sible he should make any longer Resistance; in
 fine they seized him, and convey'd both him
 and the Lady aboard our Vessel. This is all
 the Account I can give you; for your Pardon
 of my Life it is of no value; since my Pass is
 signed for the other World; Kings may take
 Life away, but they cannot command a Soul to
 stay when her Care is expired; such is mine.
 Oh King! (*continued he*) You cannot give
 what you dare not promise your self; I am go-
 ing the Way of all Mortals; in Death there is
 no difference; my Soul is ready to take her last
 Adieu; Oh let my Death be a Glass to shew
 what I was, and what you must shortly be!

Saying.

Saying this, Life gave an Exit indeed, and left his Body breathless on the Ground.

' Scarce had I unfix'd my Eyes from this
' Object of Mortallity, and cast them to-
' wards the Ocean, but behold I saw the
' Ship that contained all my worldly Joys
' going before the Wind with full Sails,
' waisting away my Soul; how often did I
' with some Remora would retard her haste,
' or that *Aeolus* would obstruct its Flight? But
' my Prayers and Sighs were turned to Air
' from whence they were framed, and pro-
' duced no Effects; I gave Commands to se-
' veral Vessels to follow this Pyrate; but all
' Things agreed to further his Escape. The
' Night became exceeding dark, and there a-
' rose a mighty Storm, so that he was convey-
' ed to unknown Parts, far from my Country.
' This Sir, is one Reason I cannot accord with
' your Master's Desires; and the other is
' where she here I could not without breach of
' Honour break my Promise to *Cordello*; al-
' though shall I tell you, I hold him not fit to
' enjoy such a Treasure, because he had not rea-
' son to prize the Worth of what he would pos-
' sess; these be the causes that inforce me not
' to agree with his Request, whose Alliance
' should otherways court, being far above my
' Hopes.

Here, Sir, continued *Willifrid*, the King
ended his Story, which I hearkened unto with
Astonishment; at last recollecting my Spirits, Sir
replied I, your Discourse gives me great Cause
of Wonder and Pity; and perhaps my Concern-
ments

ments in your disastrous Story will not vail or become inferior to your Resentments, I pity poor *Orsamus's* Misfortunes; but before I proceed, tell me one Thing truly, I see you prize *Orsamus's* Virtues at their full Value, should his Birth be as illustrious or more Sublime than his Virtues, would you deny him your Daughter in Marriage, ' Would I, (*replied the King expecting the Period of my Discourse*) Could I expect Heaven would be so fortunate unto me, his Person and Merits, without Addition of Honours, should gain Precedency in my Breast before all Men. I was much satisfied at the freeness of his Discourse, and returned to him this Answer? Know Sir, *Orsamus* is of Royal Blood, second Son to my Master, the mighty King of *Northumbers*, by Casualty Shipwrack'd on our Coast; I gave him a Relation of what already you have heard, which augmented his Admiration and Satisfaction. This Discourse was about three Days after your Departure from the *Kentish* Coast, I comforted him in what measure I might, telling him I would return to my Master, to give him this Intelligence of those many strange Adventures, from whence I would set out with a Ship well mann'd in pursuit of the Pyrate and that if I miss'd of him I would go unto the King of *Norway* and demand them of him, and if he refused their Delivery, to arm most of the Kingdom of *Albion* in his behalf that had been disadvantaged by his Robberies; he seem'd much satisfied with what I had proposed, not making any demand against any thing I had delivered; for that time we brake of our Discourse and began to fall to Action; he bestow'd many rich Presents on me, fitted out this Ship

we

we are now in; for my better Accommodation in my Passage dispatch'd this noble Commander as his Ambassador, with full Power to confirm whatever we had, or for the future should agree upon for the Recovery of you and his Daughter, the Wind blowing fair we put off from Shore, and gave a Farewel to the King. In fine we had a nimble Passage into our own Country, where I Landed, and gave your Father an Account of your Safety, and what else seem'd satisfactory to your Discovery; your Father rejoiced much at the Tidings of your Safety, according with the King of *Kent* in all his Requests for they were equally concerned in each others Disasters.

Hardly were Commands issued out for a preparation, but a Ship that came into our Harbour brought News that *Almerin* was off at Sea, and that they narrowly escaped his Hands; this Opportunity would admit of no delays, which this Brave Captain conceiving requested the Command of the Ship we are now in; in a Moment it was strongly man'd with our own Men, who freely offered their Lives to redeem their Prince, with their chearful Acclamations foretelling a prosperous Omen; myself, though Age would have excused it, accompanied this Noble Man; the thought of your Welfare extinguishing the Imagination of my own Danger, thus we made off to Sea, accompanied with one Ship more which was severed from us in the late Storm. Four Days had not yet passed away since I left our own Country, in which Time Heaven has been so Kind to make me your preserver, now what rests there behind, but that we return to your Father and Brother.

This

This Discourse being over, nothing else offered, *Orsamus* and *Cynthia* left the Cabbin, whose Beauty was the Admiration of all that did behold her, and claimed Obedience, as Tribute from all Hearts; and the Respect there shewed her, was not inferior to those she received in her Father's Court; the Captain fell at her Feet, paying his durous Observance to his Princess; they consulted with him and *Willifred* what course they should shape for the futures; at last it was resolv'd to steer their Way towards the Kingdom of *Northumberland*, and it was soon put into Execution; the Ships were cleansed of the dead Carcasses; *Almerin's* Body with the rest, was committed unto the Waves, and this was the miserable End of that wretched Man.

Neptune grew end pliant, and *Auster* with a pleasant Gale did sweetly swell their Canvas Wigs that they seemed to Fly; with such swiftness did this happy Bottom speed them away, so that in less time than they expected they discovered their own Coast, where being arrived, they made themselves known unto the King, who was almost ravished with Joy in the sight of his long lost Son; his Brother carested him, his Friends welcomed him, nor could there be a Parallel to his Entertainment; the Relation of which I abbreviate, and remain silent: Words are not full enough to express their Content, for Language is too narrow to cloath great Passions. I shall only give the Reader this Caution, that there was nothing wanting to express their Joy more inire. *Cynthia* had such Respects paid her as were peculiar to so rare a Creature; such deep

Impress-

Impressions can Virtue and Beauty make on an Illustrious and High-born Spirits; because they would not disturb their Happiness by a sudden Journey, they sent a Messenger express to the King of *Kent*, to certify him of his Daughter's Safety, to give him Advice, that in a few Daystime *Oswin* would be with him in *Dorobornia*, accompanied with his two Sons, and his Fair Daughter *Cynthia*, to Celebrate *Orsamus's* Nuptials; the Messenger was received with all Joy and Respect, Preparations were made on all Parts for a Triumphant Entrance: At the Time limited *Oswin* came, and was received with all Acclamations of Joy, the Bells cast their resounding Echo on all Parts of the City, and the Bonfires seemed to contest for Splendor, with the Planet that rules the Night; the Spectators were numberless that came to behold their lost Princess, and their Welcomes made a thundering Noise on all Parts; never was an Entry made into that City more Stately. Thus they were attended to the Palace, where *Cynthia* cast her self at her Father's Feet, was raised by the Old King with excessive Ravishment; the Embraces and Kisses he bestowed on her were many, nor did they pass unaccompanied without some Tears of Joy.

The Endearments being pass'd, he embraced the *Northumbert* King, who stood ready to receive him; then *Egfrid*, and lastly *Orsamus*, still calling him his Preserver. *Orsamus* (said he) Now the time is come to reward your Merits, with what is most dear and precious unto me, for indeed all other Recompences were inferior to your Deserts.

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What

What shall I say, the Salutations on all Parts were numberless, and the Welcomes infinite, while Supper lasted, which ended, and their high Flood of Joy being somewhat dissipated, they resolved about *Orsamus's* Marriage, whose Happiness was deferred no longer than till the next Day, which soon arrived, *Phoebus* hastening his Race with his swiftest speed, unwilling his Absence should defer their Delights, or perhaps longing to behold the Royalties of so Glorious a Day.

Cynthia was attired that Day in a Gown resembling the Colour of the Azure Sky, more Fair than the Divinity that ravished *Endymon*; her Head was adorned with Jewels, which cast a Lustre on all Parts where she went; yet was that Splendor darkn'd by the transcendant Rays that pierced from her Eyes, than which nothing was more penetrating; she was the only Object of all those Eyes that beheld her that Day, and happy did he count himself that could gain a sight of this surpassing Beauty; for nothing was wanting to make that Amiable, which, alas was too lovely of itself.

Now the Hour approached when *Hymen* must do his Duty in knitting this happy Knot. *Orsamus*, with his beloved *Cynthia*, accompanied with the two Kings and Prince, attended by the Nobility of both Kingdoms, follow'd by an infinite Number of Spectators; after some small time had passed away they arrived at the Great Temple of the City, where the Bishop stood ready to join their Hands, which Ceremony performed with great Magnificence, they returned to the Palace. It would ask too long a time to describe the Entertainment they received home-wards

wards; many stately Pageants were erected, where the Gods and Goddesses seem'd to descend, and in Heroick Poems to describe their strange Adventure: Many rich Presents were offered by the Citizens, wherein they did express the Gratefulness of their Hearts. In fine, nothing was left undone that could speak of their Joy more absolute; the residue of that Day was spent in Masks and Plays, in all the Delights and Merriments the Heart of Man could fancy.

Pboebus necessitated, gave a Farewel to this upper World, yet not before he had charged his Sister *Cynthia* to attend at *Cynthia's* Nuptials, which she duly performed; for never was there seen a fairer Night, where the Heavenly Spangles were evident to the Eye, while *Diana* ran her Career in Glory, perhaps to vie Splendor with *Cynthia*, whose happiness she began to envy. The Time drew on when *Morpheus* with his Mace approaches, commanding to Rest; upon which Notice given, *Cynthia* was conducted by her Attendance to her Bed, after whom followed *Orsamus*, accompanied by the two Kings who saw him lodged by her side; and giving them the Good night, not without the Blushes of *Cynthia*, left them unto their Rest, or to the Possession of those Pleasures the Stock of Mankind might envy him; and here I would rest and continue silent, but that my Genius directs me a little Farther, to give you notice, that so true an Affection might be compleat, Heaven was pleas'd to bestow on their first Year a Son, and on the second a Daughter. which heir'd all the Perfection and Feature of her Mother,

Orsamus

CYNTHIA.

Orsamus and Cynthia loving and living in such Felicity and true Affection, as every Day seem'd their Marriage Days, and every Night a fresh Riv'r of Delight, Cynthia being in Orsamus, and Orsamus bounding his whole Felicity in Cynthia.

After a Storm the Sun more bright appears;
That Joy is greatest that is rais'd from Fears,
And built on hopes doth chiefeft comfort bring,
Annual Winter makes a lovely Spring;
Adversity makes Men esteem of Wealth;
He that hath Sicknes had doth prize his Health,
The scene of Woe adds Pleasure to the Joys,
Still to be Happy Happiness destroys.
Excess of Dainties soon will glur the Taste,
Felicity were Sorrow should it last.
Things that are dearest bought we most do prize
And Joys kept down by Sorrows highest rise,
This is the Comfort most true Lovers find,
Their Hell is first, their Heaven is behind.

Wm. L. Rogers
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